Watson's Magazine

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Vol. XXI. JUNE, 1915 No. 2

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Published Monthly by THE JEFFERSONIAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, Thomson, Ga.

JAUNDICE SPOTS REMOVED

Physicians and Specialists have failed to stay Pathogenic deterioration in many cases.

In many cases they have failed to determine the cause of existing Pathogenic condition.

In many cases, when the cause has been proven and the Pathogenic symptom rightly diagnosed, the physician has failed utterly in his operative or prescriptive means.

Carcinoma in certain forms has not been eradicated—irrespective of the employment of every known agency.

Pneumonia has in double involvement frequently baffled all agencies and great uncertainty rests in many cases upon the outcome.

On the other hand, nostrums of all varieties—proprietory combinations and prescribed drugs have failed in many essential conditions.

Of them, at best, we can say that they have been palliative and remedial in the sense of staying Pathogenic progress so that Nature was able to reinstate Herself.

However, Pathogenic conditions rightly diagnosed frequently become allayed by known remedial treatment, such as the administration of characteristic drugs or by Osteopathic cause—removal through reinstatement of normal nerve and blood supply.

It may be stated also that by Pathogenic cause—removal through Allopathic, Homeopathic or Osteopathic means invariably, if Pathogenic deterioration has not proceeded too far, the convelescence is sure and complete.

In the case of the Pathogenic symptom, termed Jaundice which is usually determined by skin and mucuous membrane discoloration and which is frequently accompanied with hemorrahage, clay colored faces, bile pigments, sweating, lassitude, general malaise, constipation, loss of appetite and headache, generally, under accepted treatment, the symptom and accompanying Pathogenics disappear.

Yet, in the case of many convalescents from these manifestations, skin discolorations persist and form what is commonly known as Liver and Jaundice patches. These patches enlarge from time to time and become permanent afflictions.

The cause in the case of these patches is known to be one of the sequalæ of Symptomatic Jaundice and no agency has been forthcoming heretofore which has satisfactorily and permanently removed unsightly Jaundice patch.

"REMOVALIN," a propriety preparation, is now being ethically brought to the notice of the public and, in the majority of cases, will remove even in the most extreme types, without pain or harm, Liver or Jaundice spots or patches.

DIRECTIONS: Bathe entire body in warm water. Use an oil soap freely. Dry body well. Then wash spot infected parts thoroughly with Liquid Green Soap. Dry body well without much friction.

Apply **"REMOVALIN"** to the spot area with fine sponge. Saturate spot area thoroughly. Do not dry it. Repeat this treatment once a day for four consecutive days. Spots will disappear the fourth or fifth day.

In order that you may have the means to remove at once Liver and Jaundice spots with which you may be afflicted, you are directed to request this ethical preparation **"REMOVALIN"** from the manufacturers,

PENN CHEMICAL CO.

1522 55th Street, - - BROOKLYN, N. Y.

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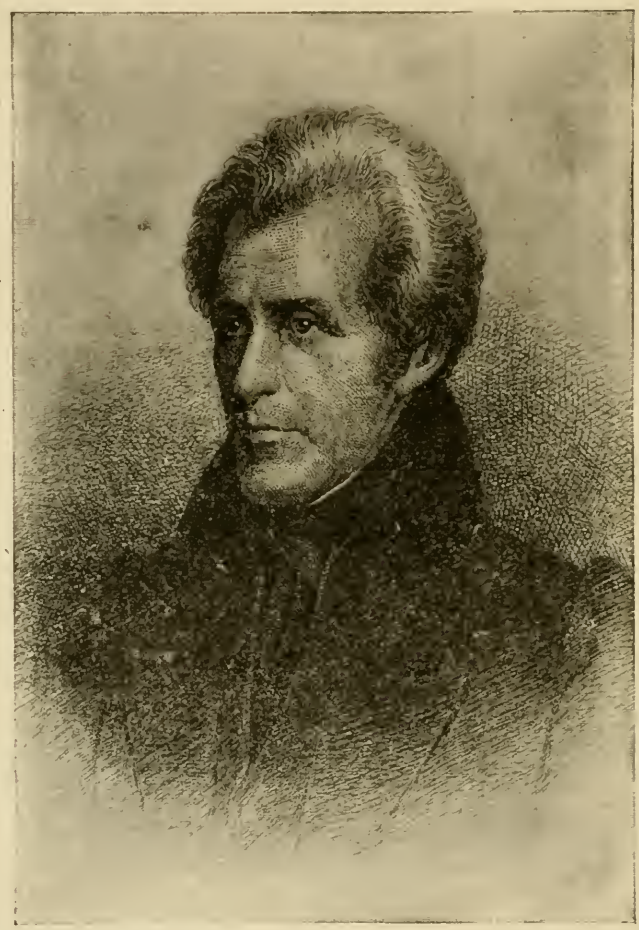


ANDREW JACKSON

A PRESIDENT WHO WAS NOT "TOO PROUD TO FIGHT."

Watson's Magazine

THOS. E. WATSON, Editor

The Strange and Tragic Fate of Mexico

CHAPTER IV

ONCE upon a time, there was an Island in the Seas of the far South, and upon this distant island dwelt a race of people whom we will call barbarians, by way of compliment to our own superiority.

These barbarians lived in a manner which suited themselves; and, while of course they had a religion, it was not of a war-like character which prompted them to slaughter other people whose "faith" was different.

These barbarians knew nothing of luxuries and refinements; and they were quite satisfied to exist in a fig-leaf-apron condition, not being in the least bit ashamed of any part of the physical body which the Almighty had made for their good and proper use. Having been created in God's own image, they were, indeed, proud of every perfect member of this perfect human tabernacle. This shows what utter savages they were!

They cultivated a portion of their Paradise; they herded a sufficiency of cattle; they collected the fruits and the nuts which Nature produced; they took fish from the waters and game from the forests; and so they lived from generation to generation, blissfully ignorant of the glorious state of European civilization.

Their system of life was of the patriarchal sort, and they had a king who was as simple minded as themselves. His hut was not much better than the average hut of his people, and his style of living was not much more sumptuous.

This patriarchal king, simple in style, was content with the tribute paid in the products of the soil, the spoils of the chase, a share of the fisherman's luck, and the gift of a bullock from the herd.

But it came to pass, that the Pale-face of Christendom went down to the sea in ships, and he sought, throughout the oceans and the seas, for new lands and new peoples, in order that he might civilize and Christianize these new lands and peoples into that state of Brotherhood which had made the peoples of Christendom beat their swords into butter-knives, and convert their military academies and gun-factories into Sunday schools and Dorcas societies.

And it came to pass, that the Pale face, in his voyaging, chanced upon the Fiji Islands, wherein dwelt the primitive barbarians, already mentioned.

The Pale face missionary at once began to open the mind of the Fiji Islander to the mysteries of revealed religion. But while the savage was listening to the missionary, his thoughts were more or less drawn away to another Pale face who had "followed the flag," and who wished to do a little business, of the barter and trade variety, with the untutored savage.

Dazzling were the strips of cloth which the Pale face trader displayed before the eyes of the naked heathen;

and the blue and red beads radiated prismatic splendors, unknown before in these regions of moral and mental darkness.

Led into temptation, these simple natives yielded to the Pale face, and did business with him, on his own terms, which were quite favorable to himself, you may be sure.

And it came to pass, that the Pale face trader took *the king* in hand, for to educate him in the subtleties of modern finance.

One day, as the more or less nude monarch was sitting majestically on his door-mat, the Pale face said to him, something like this:

"O, Lord of the Universe! King of Kings! Light of the Day! Why do you content yourself with this swinish existence? Why do you accept vulgar commodities from your subjects, in payment of tribute? Why not fix a tax to be paid in money, so that, with this coin, your majesty may buy whatever seems good in your sight?"

As the dusky potentate listened to the Pale face, his mind took in the advantages of the new plan, and he straightway set about putting it into operation.

He mildly assessed a moderate tax to be paid in coin, the benevolent trader aiding him in preparing the details, and assuring him that he, the said trader, would supply the coin.

He assured the king that his beloved subjects would not have anything difficult to do, in adjusting themselves to the universal system which benevolent financiers had imposed upon the Christian nations of the globe. Nothing would be more simple than for the natives to bring their products to the trader, and exchange them for coin: and, with the money thus procured, the delighted native would pay his tax to his delighted king.

So it came to pass, that the barbarians of the Island began to carry their portable property to the trader, whose payments for the same were not excessive, you may be sure.

In a surprisingly short time, the Pale face trader owned all the movable part of the Island, excepting the natives.

Here, then was a dilemma which the untutored savage had not anticipated. The king was puzzled: his loyal subjects were nonplussed: what was to be done?

The Pale face trader, happily, solved the problem. This ingenious person suggested, that the monarch require the taxes to be paid in labor; and he magnanimously proposed to advance the king the money to live on, while his faithful subjects were working and producing another crop to sell.

Thus, the monarch went into debt to the trader, and the trader fixed a rate of interest which was high enough, you may be sure.

By the time the natives had produced another crop to sell, the trader discovered that the European markets were glutted, and that money was excessively scarce. Naturally, therefore, the trader felt constrained to do violence to his own feelings, and *to put up the price of money*, by putting down the price of products.

The untutored barbarians were *so* exceedingly stupid, that they never once comprehended that, when the products of labor were going *down*, somebody was putting *up* the price of money.

So it came to pass, that this benevolent trader—a Christian of course—bought all the surplus product of the natives, *for less than the amount of the tax*.

Consequently, they could not pay the king in full, and the king could not pay the trader—which lamentable event caused universal sorrow among those simple-minded barbarians.

But the trader was again ready with a timely suggestion which made every soul happy. He proposed to *renew* the debt which the king owed him, and

to merely fix a new rate of interest, more in accordance with the severe stringency of the European money market. Of course, the monarch would expect that the new debt should include the unpaid interest on the old. To this, the delighted king hastily agreed, and the new debt took a new shape, and a much larger shape than the old one, you may be sure.

And it came to pass, before many moons, that the king's subjects fell more and more behind with him, and he fell more and more behind with the benevolent financier; and therefore a new remedy had to be found for this unexpected, afflicting situation.

Again the Pale face trader rose to the crisis. He suggested, *that he would buy some of the land.* Great rejoicings greeted this novel proposition, for *the natives* had not bought the soil from anybody, and the sensation of selling it to some one, was exquisitely pleasureable.

Need I follow the story to its inevitable end, and describe the swallowing process of the Pale face boa constrictor?

Tolstoy does it, in his Essay on Money; and, with the simple touches of a master artist, he *illustrates* how the modern system of finance makes the *myriads of producers* the vassals of the Money-king.

They need no prison camps, no slave-quarters, no whipping boss, no fugitive-slave laws, no blood-hounds to track the runaway. No! The vassals of the Money-king furnish their own prison camps, their own slave quarters: inexorable Necessity is the whipping-boss; and since they can not take wings and fly to other worlds than this, no fugitive-slave law and no blood-hounds are needed. No flight to the sun-rise, none to the sunset, none to the Southern Cross, none to the Northern Lights, can bring them to the region where the Man is *his own monarch.*

It was with Christopher Columbus, that this horrible enslavement of human beings began, in the New World. He exacted a tribute from the natives of the West Indies; and when he had exhausted their slender stock of precious metals, he forced them to pay in labor. Involuntary servitude drew after it, as the natural consequences, hard tasks, cruel treatment, attempted escape, pursuit by blood-hounds, frightful punishment to deter others from like efforts to regain freedom, loathsome living conditions, epidemics of disease, premature deaths, and the rapid extinction of the mild, weak people upon whom Columbus had forced his sordid, merciless, diabolical system.

The vassalage which Columbus had established in 1496, was extended to Mexico, in 1528; and the slave-districts (called encomiendas) were extended throughout the territory conquered by Cortez. Resistance by the natives, was crushed: those who refused to surrender all their gold were tortured, until they obeyed: those who refused to work were lashed, until they did. (*In Yucatan, at this day, the same hellish system exists.*)

Cortez having overrun but a small portion of Mexico, he and his captains pushed their conquests in every direction, until the whole country was reduced to Spanish dominion.

The historians dwell with horror upon the devilish cruelties inflicted upon the natives. Says Bancroft, "No words can depict the miseries of these hapless creatures. Wholesale slaughter, hanging and burning, torturing, mutilating and branding, followed the suppression of a revolt; while starvation, exhaustion, blows, and fainting under intolerable burdens were their lot in time of peace."

"Households were desolated, wives being torn from husbands, daughters from parents, to be distributed among sailors and soldiers, while boys were put to work in gold mines, there to perish by thousands."

Before this satanic violation of elemental human rights, the native race wasted away, like fuel in a fiery furnace.

In some regions of Central and South America, almost no Indians were left to repopulate the stricken land. The Spaniard's slave-ship; the Spaniard's musket, sword and blood-hound; the Spaniard's diseases and intolerable tasks, swept off the simple children of the soil; and if voices, like those of Las Casas and the Bishop Zumaraga, were raised in noble protest against these enormities, they were raised in vain.

Spanish avarice, lust, and ferocity were not to be controlled, particularly as the Spanish priest was ever at hand to pardon the crimes, and share the spoils. There was not a gorgeous cathedral in the blood-soaked soil of New Spain that was not born of the unholy alliance between the soldier's ruthless greed and the priest's unconscionable rapacity.

We are told, in ancient history, that Alexander the Great crucified 2,000 of the inhabitants of Tyre, *upon the cross*. The Grecian conqueror was angered because of the stubborn resistance of the city, and he cooled his savage temper by sacrificing the Tyrian victims upon the emblem which was sacred to them, as being the religious symbol of the Phœnician Queen of Heaven, Astarte.

Inasmuch as Alexander's Queen of Heaven bore a different name, and used a different emblem, he had a deep contempt for Astarte and her cross—which contempt he could not more offensively display to the conquered Phœnicians, than by crucifying 2,000 of their compatriots upon it.

The monumental remains found in Central America and Mexico, bear a striking resemblance to the religious architecture of ancient Egpyt, and to the figures represented on the coins of ancient Phœnicia. The celebrated Palenque statue, represents a Phœnician offering. The dress and ornaments of the figure, are those of the Phœnician Hercules.

The Madonna and child found by

(Cut No. 1.)

ANCIENT PHŒNICIAN ASTARTE AND CHILD, AS THEY APPEAR ON OLD COINS.

the Spaniards in Mexico—so puzzling to the Padres—is nothing more than the Phœnician Virgin-mother and child.

The cross which they found, and marvelled at, is to be seen in the battered Phœnician coins, where Astarte is represented as standing in a ship, pointing to the horizon with her right hand, and holding the Latin cross in her left.

As everybody knows, the Phœnicians were a sea-going people; therefore, it is a remarkable evidence of their progressive spirit, that their coins should bear the standing figure of the divinity, her face toward the prow of the ship, and her outstretched arm *pointing forward*, to uncharted seas and unknown worlds.

ANCIENT PHŒNICIAN GODDESS, ASTARTE AND HER CROSS. FROM OLD COINS.

Bartholdi's colossal statue, in New York harbor, has not improved the pose of the artist who worked in metal, 3,000 years ago.

When we see this vessel, with the goddess erect upon it, and her hand extended imperiously forward, we can well believe that ancient poets and historians had some basis for their statement, that the bold navigators of Tyre and Sidon had discovered an Atlantis, in the midst of a far-distant world of waters.

The ruins of the broken statuary, and the perfect Latin cross found at Palenque prove, beyond all controversy that, if the mariners of Phœnicia did not discover and colonize the southern part of the New World, it was done by some other ancient Eastern people who worshipped Ashteroth, Astarte and the Cross.

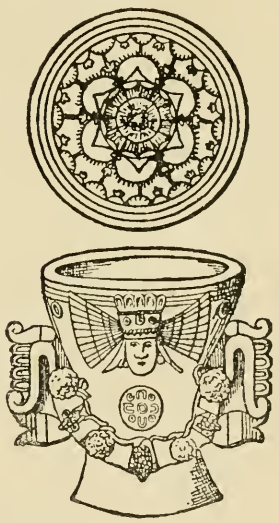
It is not hard to believe that such colonization failed because of earthquake, famine, pestilence, and Indian attacks.

After Alexander the Great had given Phœnicia a mortal blow, and she had entered upon her decline, her mariners were no doubt less enterprising, and the distant colony was neglected. Pilots died, charts were lost, and while there was a definite idea that such a new world as Atlantis existed, the secret of its location had been too closely guarded by the jealous discoverers for other navigators to find it. Possibly, many attempts were made by Greeks, Romans, and Carthaginians, to reach the new continent; and the pilots losing their course, or becoming frightened, or discouraged, abandoned the search, returning home with the story that Atlantis was lost. Such a tale could not be disproved, and was not incredible.

It was an age even more superstitious than ours, and even more ready to believe the unbelievable. If two oceans had swallowed a continent, their achievement was incomparably smaller than the feats performed by our own minds in swallowing fables of immeasurable extent.

The colony in Central America, left to its own resources, may have languished. The malarial mosquito may have done for it, what the same deadly insect did for the vast Campagna of Rome. The same causes which made Panama uninhabitable, may have turned Central America back to the jungle. No Dr. Gorgas came to the rescue of the Phœnicians, and they perished miserably, because they were too weak to conquer tropical nature, with its riotous vegetable growth, its deadly diseases, its storms, and earthquakes, its ferocious beasts, poisonous serpents, and hostile savages.

So the colony died out, as Sir Walter



BURIAL URN AND COVER, FOUND IN MEXICO. NOTE THE ELABORATE AND DELICATE WORKMANSHIP, AND THE WINGED HEAD.

Raleigh's did, as the Jamestown colony came so near doing, and as the Caucasian colonies in South and Central Africa did, in the ages long ago.

Such at least, is my theory, and I offer it for what it is worth.

Bancroft, Prescott, and others, who believe the stories about Mexican "civilization," idolatry, cannibalism, &c., present to the reader the engravings which establish the fact, that *the Indians* never had such a system. Some Eastern people brought to the New

World *the Phrygian cap* which Bancroft introduces to us as a Mexican goddess' head wear—the same Phrygian cap which was worn by the French patriots who took a conspicuous part in the French Revolution of 1789.

Equally obtuse, because blinded by a theory already adopted, those historians reproduce *the winged head* of the Oriental religions, and credit the emblem to the simple Indians.

The feet with wings, belongs to the mythology of ancient Greece; but *the head* with wings, belongs to the religion of Egypt, of Phœnicia, of Assyria, and of Chaldea.

Stranger still, the enormous serpents sculptured in those Central American ruins, are found on the mural monuments of the ancient Etrurians, the civilized, artistic people who went down before the barbarians of early Rome, hundreds of years before Christ.

When we reflect that the statues, images and sacrificial stone are the only substantial proofs that human sacrifice was ever practised in the New World, and when we further reflect that these marbles conclusively establish their Oriental character, *and antiquity*, what shall we do with the stories of the Spanish priests?

As the Mexicans possessed no tool or weapon of hard metal, how did they manage *to elaborately carve a sacrificial Stone?* With what implement did they chisel the exquisitely finished ornamental head and wings shown in the cut of the burial urn? In none of the marble tombs of Etruria, or of Greece, or of Phœnicia, has any vessel been found more artistically designed and perfected. Can you believe that any American Indian ever weilded the sculptor's tool with such masterly skill?

And who can believe that Aztec religion, Aztec sculpture, and Aztec architecture could have so exactly paralleled that of the ancient Phœnicians?

The traveller who now visits the ruins of Baalbec and Palmyra never associates with those sublime remains the squalid Arabs who pitch their tents amid the wreckage of a dead civilization. *History* has already informed the tourist that the Arab had nothing to do with those ancient monuments. Even were history silent, common sense would tell us that no Bedouin could have been the creator of things he never understood. Yet, we have allowed ourselves to be convinced that the Aztecs—the people who fought their foes with wooden swords, and protected their own bodies with quilted cloth—were capable of artistic workmanship in marble rivalling the cameo perfection of the Greeks and Etrurians!

In their burial mounds, we discover the same pottery, pipes, etc., which are found in the burial mounds of North America: in their only authentic ruins, we discover the adobe houses of Arizona and New Mexico: in their articles of food and their mode of life, we find the veritable Indian of the Pacific slope; but notwithstanding all this trustworthy footing of fact, we follow the chimera invented by Spanish romancers, who saw everything through a maze of excited imagination.

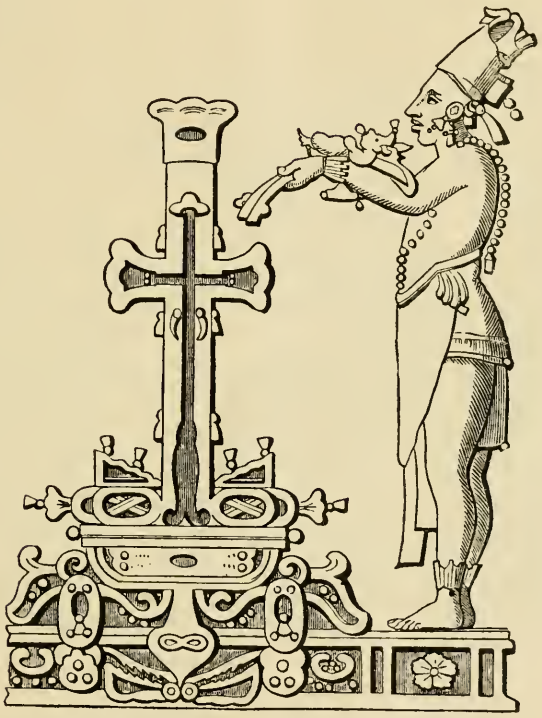
We recognize the crude clay pipe and the crude picture-writing, as truly *Indian;* but we leap to the sculptures of the winged head, the winged globe, the Latin cross, the Assyrian goddess, the Phœnician priest, the Oriental sacrificial stone, the elegant marble vase, and the elaborate calendar disc, and we accept the theory that the authors of these totally *dissimilar things*, are the *same people!*

Even now, the pitiless priests of Rome are justifying the inhumanities practised upon these long-suffering Indians, by alleging that their ancestors sacrificed millions of human beings in their temples. As a matter of fact, the Aztecs never had any "temples." Even the much vaunted pyramid temple in Mexico City, was nothing more than

an earthen mound, for Cortez had no means of entirely destroying such a "pyramid," as he describes. There was a temple pyramid at Cholula which loomed heavily against the historic horizon for more than 300 years; but when clear-eyed "heretics" examined it, they found nothing more than a high burial mound, full of dead men's bones!

The world actually believed in this pyramid—stone steps, majestic temple, and all—until about sixty-five years ago. A shaft sent into the mound, revealed its true nature, and then another of the monstrous fables of the priest-historians was laughed out of court.

In Palenque, was found the representation which was taken as proof positive that the Aztecs practised infant sacrifice. There is the figure of the priest, with arm extended, and in the open palm is what appears to be an infant. But if you will turn to page 208 of Walter Tyndale's recent book, "Below the Cataracts," (Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, publishers), you will find a colored drawing made by the artist-author, representing a wall-inscription in the Temple of Abydos. This wall painting, older than Alexander the Great, shows a priest *standing*, as in the Mexican picture, with outstretched arm; and in *his* palm, also, is what seems to be an infant. But the inscription reads, "Seti I. offering an *image* of Truth to Osiris!"



PHŒNICIAN RELIGIOUS OFFERING: FOUND IN MEXICO AND CENTRAL AMERICA.

The head-dress and the loin cloth of the Egyptian priest, are almost identical with those of the priest in the Palenque group. In fact, the drapery about the middle appears to be exactly the same. Compare the cut in Bancroft's Popular History of Mexico

with that in Mr. Tyndale's book, and ask yourself the explanation of the astonishing resemblance.

Moreover, the temple pyramids pictured in the histories of Mexico and Central America, are the same as those shown in the remains of Babylonia and Phœnicia.

The broad, elevated platform to serve as foundation, is the same: the terrace above terrace, is the same: the steps cutting through the centre of the incline, are the same: the massive simplicity of the structure and the complicated ornamentation, are the same: the classic column, with conventional artistic sections, divisions, and proportions, are the same.

One might as well stand amid "Tadmor's marble wilderness," and say that the nomad of the desert was the creator of the glories of its past, as to attribute *any* of the splendors of ancient Mexico and Central America to the Indians.

Just as the Indians never had any fortress walls, and no palatial residences, and no imposing temples, so they never had any sacrificial stones, nor any altars periodically drenched with innocent blood.

That kind of satanic "worship" was never known by the Indians, until the Roman priests imported it from Spain.

The world lost a chapter out of its history, when the images of the Virgin Mary were erected upon the broken fragments of the Phœnician images, and when the writings of the priests were substituted for the destroyed records of the older paganism. What that chapter could have told us, we can not hope to know.

But it staggers the understanding of the average non-Catholic, to see that one sculptured idol is pulled down and another set up; one cross destroyed, and another worshipped; one alleged form of human sacrifice branded as infamous, and another instituted as Christian. Throughout the works of the accepted historians of Mexico, we are shown the pictures of grotesque images which the Indians are said to have worshipped. The adoration of these idols is imputed to the Aztecs, by the priests, as a peculiarly degrading superstition. Against *such* idolaters, it was lawful to practice any sort of barbarity, it being merciful not to cut them off, root and branch.

Here, again, we have a case of the conquering Alexander who detests *the other* Queen of the Heavens and who crucifies *the other people* on their religious symbol. It is *always* the other man's doxy, and ology, and idol, that we can not endure.

He must endure *ours*, because *our* doxy is orthodoxy, and *our* ology is theology, and our idol is a mere outward emblem of the inward worship!

Then we turn to the books, wearily, and we find that the ancients claimed the same thing: they *venerated* the ibis, because it was the *emblem* of a divinity: they venerated the bull, the cat, and some other animals, because they were *emblems!*

When Egyptians stoned the Roman soldier who killed the cat, they were doing exactly what the Catholics did to the scoffer who kept his hat on while the image was in "procession;" yet the Catholics do not worship the image, although they say the Egyptians worshipped the cat.

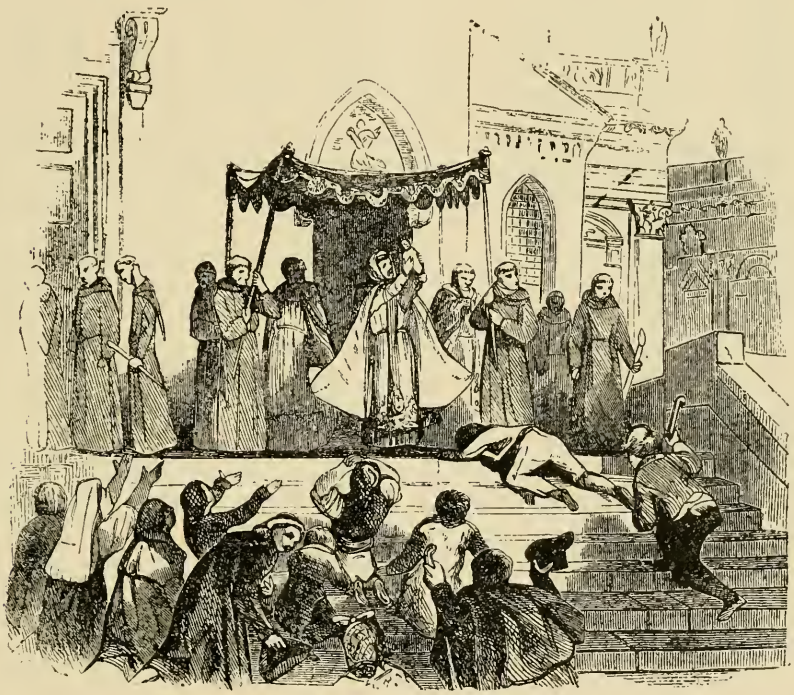
Elkanah Watson travelled in France, after our Revolutionary War of 1776, and the Catholics were about to kill him, because he remained standing and with his hat on, when the image went by. A friend hastily told the innocent American to take off his hat and kneel, *quickly*—which he did—and thereby saved his life.

If it had been a cat, and he had killed it, the Egyptians would have murdered him, not because they worshipped cats, but because the cat was their emblem.

The famous navigator, Captain Cook, was hurriedly killed, in the Sandwich

Islands, because his Catholic sailors had pulled down the other man's cat—his image. To their great surprise and indignation, these Catholics discovered that the Sandwich Islanders would fight for their idols, savagely rejecting the proposition to accept, in lieu of them, the images of the strangers.

James Jackson Jarves wrote a book, in its virtues. It has a larger practice than any physician in Rome. As soon as a Roman despairs of his life, he sends for the Most Holy Baby, which is brought in great state. If he dies, *the Baby has called him*, which is right: if he gets well, the Baby has cured him, which is right, also. In either case, the monks receive their fee. It is so rich, *it has a carriage of its own.* Several



WORSHIPPING THE BAMBINO—(BABY.)

named "Italian Sights and Papal Principles." Harper & Brother, of New York, published it, in 1856. From pages 293 and 4, the following is extracted:

"In the church of the Ara Cæli (Rome), there is preserved a wretchedly carved wooden doll, loaded with an incalculable amount of precious jewels. This doll belongs to the monks, and brings them a yearly revenue that enriches them all. It is called 'The Most Holy Baby,' and the most diligent exertions are made to keep alive faith times a year, this idol is exposed to the adoration of the crowd, no other (idol) having so great a reputation in Rome."

Pope Leo XIII. ordered that, "The same reverence should be displayed toward *an image of Christ*, as toward Christ himself."

"The cross is adored with the same adoration *as Christ*——we supplicate the cross, *just as we do the Crucified himself.*"

The Spanish Catholics, after having broken the images of the Phœnician madonna, and trampled upon her cross,

not only compelled the conquered Aztecs to worship the Roman Madonna and the Roman cross, but emblazed the holy symbols on the official coat of arms. (Compare cut No. 1 with cut No. 5.)

(Cut No. 5.)

COAT OF ARMS IN MEXICO.

Cardinal Newman wrote, a few years ago. "Crucifixes *have bowed the head* to the supplicant, and Madonna's have *bent their eyes* upon assembled crowds."

The crucifixes were of wood or marble, but they bowed their heads: the Madonnas were made of wood, or lead, or bronze, or silver, or marble, *but they moved their eyes!*

And these are the Christians who are *not* idolaters, and *not* superstitious; and they justify all the atrocities their church has committed in Mexico and elsewhere, by declaring that the victims were idolaters or heretics.

The Spaniards having demolished the adobe houses of the Aztecs, compelled the conquered to rebuild the city. Instead of sun-dried bricks, stone, cedar, and fire-burnt brick were used. All the materials had to be dragged by hand, or borne on the shoulders of the Indians. The labor was enormous, and they were driven with such speed, that the new city was ready for Spanish occupation in five months. How many of the laborers died from overwork, torture, and famine, we are not told, but the historians admit that the number was great.

According to Chaplain Gomorra, these poor, perishing slaves sung, as they toiled. It could not have been cheerful music: a people's swan-song, it must have been inexpressibly mournful.

The War Lord

Ralph M. Thomson

To simple mortals made of clay,
In words the just abhor,
A monarch may explain away
Why he sent men to war.

To nations which are lost to shame,
To lands that live to err,
A king may tell why he became
His subjects' murderer.

But what excuse when Life's long line
Of souls forsake this sod,
Will he be able to assign
An all-discerning God?

"What Goes On in the Nunneries?"

THE Romanists of Milwaukee publish a paper which is known as *The New Century*.

Recenty, this very enterprising periodical got out a special issue which, for reasons best known to its publishers, was named "The Cock and Bull Story edition."

Naturaly, it is plumb full of Cock and Bull stories.

One of these is about the cloistered convents.

The New Century asks this question, and then dodges it, by praising convent *schools*, and the Catholic ladies who nurse and teach.

The *cloistered nunnery* is a different institution, altogether; and it was established *after* the Roman Catholic Church had made it obligatory upon priests to remain *unmarried*.

Normal, full-sexed priests are composed of the same carnal elements as other men, *and they have to have women*.

The average priest is as sensual a looking person as you will meet in any walk of life.

He enjoys the best of wines and meats, and his red blood is just as hot with periodical desire for a woman, as yours or mine ever was.

The average priest either makes a concubine out of his "housekeeper," or he regularly uses the nuns of the *cloistered convent*.

The New York Call published the following item of news.

Vera Cruz, April 10.—It was recently determined to open a new street in this city, in order to make the Pharos Building, wherein are located the offices of the National Government, more readily accessible from the center of population. In order to do this, it was found necessary to demolish the old convent of St. Augustin, and this work has for some time been going on.

In demolishing the old interior walls, a horrible discovery was made a few days ago. Niches were found in these walls, the masonry being of great thickness, and in the niches, which had been sealed up, were found quqantities of bones, which were recognized as those of little children, mostly infants.

The Protestant Observer published a similar story concerning a European convent; and both of these horrible revelations not only corroborate Maria Monk, William Hogan, Blanco White, Charles Chiniquy, Alessandro Gavazzi, Manuel Ferrando, and other ex-priests and ex-nuns, but they corroborate the illustrious Catholic scholar, Erasmus, who published, in the times of Luther and Henry VIII., a most scathing denunciation of the convents and monasteries.

If the unnatural detention of young women behind thick walls, iron-barred windows, and locked doors, does not inevitably lead to vices and crimes, why did Pope Innocent VIII. issue a decree (bull), in his effort to suppress what he called "*illicit pleasures?*"

If an infallible pope thus told us "what goes on in the nunneries," how can a Roman Catholic doubt it?

The convents and monasteries were denounced in many of the great Councils of the Roman Catholic Church, notably by the Council of Mayence, the Council of Troyes, the Council of Rheims, the Council of Carement, and the Council of Sens.

Must not the evil have been very great, to call forth public disclosures by popes and councils?

At that time all Europe was Catholic, and the New World discovered by the sea-rovers of Scandinavia had not been colonized and made mighty by John Barry, and Charles Carroll, of Carrollton.

At the time when popes and councils were thundering against monastic vice

and crime, no harm could be done to the church *by telling the truth.*

It had no opposition; and one branch of the organization could chastise another, without disrupting the system.

If any one monk became too loud and persistent in his attacks upon Roman Catholic immorality, the pope could put him into a living tomb and let him starve—as happened to Benedetto da Foiana—or could burn him at the stake, as happened to Savonarola. (It was Pope Alexander VI. who murdered Savonarola: it was Pope Clement VII. who imprisoned Benedetto and starved him to death.)

After King Henry VIII. had uncovered the convents and monasteries in England, and had suppressed them because of their cess-pool condition; and after Luther, Calvin, and Knox had kindled the fire of the Reformation, *it was no longer safe* for pope or council to proclaim the truth about the unnatural lives of these unmarried Catholics.

To have done so would have been to supply ammunition to the pioneer reformers.

The pope and his priest-editors can not now afford to have the truth known about "what goes on in the nunneries," *consequently they deny the State's right to inspect them.*

With sublime impudence, they compare these walled prisons with the homes of private citizens.

Does any home of any private citizen contain a barred-window and locked-door department, where fifty, or a hundred, single women are kept in close confinement for life?

If so, the private citizen who holds those women, could not object to State inspection, without convincing every impartial mind that the barred window department *concealed guilty secrets.*

The famous scholar who gave Germany its first elegant version of the New Testament in Greek, was Erasmus; and he had become so painfully shocked by the vices and crimes of the conventual and monastic life, that he made a report to the pope himself.

But the Reformation was getting under way, and the pope could not afford to strengthen Luther's hands by giving him additional evidence against the papal system.

In the British Museum (Harleian department, numbers 1850, 1 and 2, of the Volume II. of Mss., folio of 1808) you can find a copy of the *Taxae Cancellariae et Poenitentianiae*, which was stolen by John Aymon, and sold to the Earl of Oxford.

Aymon was *Apostolic Prothonotary, at the Vatican;* and upon the death of Pope Innocent XII. he took these little books from the archives of the Roman Chancery.

They contain a list of vices and crimes common among the Catholics of the time, and of the fines (or taxes) assessed against these sins, *as the price of forgiveness by the pope and his priests.* (Absolution.)

In book 1, page 117, is the price for *absolution*, when the office is of the nature of incest.

Page 122: *Comutatio votorum et ultimarum voluntatum.*

Page 123: *Absolutio pro illo qui cognovit mulierem cujus confessionem audiverat.*

Absolutio pro illo qui cognovit moniateh intra sepum monasterii.

The fine, or tax, levied as a condition to papal pardon in these cases of crimes in the confessional, and in the religious houses, *is the highest and best evidence that the popes and the priests recognized their existence, as a necessary evil incident to the system.*

Therefore, this truth stares us in the face:

Before the Reformation, in the sixteenth century, *popes, councils, scholars and book-writers ADMITTED THE CESS-POOL CHARACTER OF THE CONVENTS AND MONASTERIES.*

The pope's own secret archives contained the code which assessed the tax on these crimes, just as popes of that period, *before Luther's Reformation*, licensed and taxed the houses of prostitution in Italy.

Then the only question which remains in dispute is this—

Are young and healthy men the same that they were, formerly, *or has human nature undergone a change?*

If the old Adam has been taken out of the robust young priests whose sensual faces are seen everywhere, the operation left to visible marks.

On page 5 of "the Cock and Bull Story edition" of The New Century, I find the picture of Bishop Schrembs.

BISHOP SCHREMBS.

I never saw a more sensual countenance.

Schrembs' neck is like that of a bull: maybe that's why The New Century put his picture in this edition.

Schrembs' jowl is so swinish, that it slopes into his neck without showing any line of jawbone.

Schrembs' lips are thick, and his nose is thick, and his ear is thick, and the glimpse we get of his shoulder indicates the typical physique of the portly priest who is nearly always largest in the middle.

Schrembs' eyes are hard, arrogant, insolent, haughty, *and cruel*: that man would gladly burn you and me for the heinous offense of being rational Protestants.

When the editors used that coarse creature's brutal, Jack Johnson face, to illustrate their article on the morality of the Romanist priests in general, they showed bad judgment.

Haven't they got *some* priest who looks more like a perpetual virgin, than Schrembs does?

Father Hans Schmidt had a much more spiritual face and expression, before he murdered his concubine, Anna Aumueller.

For the information of fair-minded Catholics *who want the truth*, I will name several Catholic writers who denounced the unnatural, demoralizing convent (cloistered), with at least as much vehemence as I have ever done:

Pope Gregory VII., Father John Busch, Dr. Claude d' Espence (member of the Paris Sorbonne), Nicholas de Clamenges (Rector of the University of Paris), St. Bridget, the daughter of Birger, a Swedish prince of royal blood; Llorente, a standard Catholic historian; Ambrosio de Traversar; *and Saint Charles Borromeo!*

To this list of names, add that of Scipione de Ricci, whose official report on the Tuscan convents renders Maria Monk's narrative a tame story.

I am sorry we can not give space to the fearful indictment which these eminent Roman Catholics brought against the nunneries of Europe.

First of all, to meet the absurd statement that the nuns are not prisoners, I will quote the law of the Roman church, as laid down by the Council of Trent:

"Nunneries should be kept carefully closed, and egress *absolutely forbidden*

to the nuns, under any pretense whatever, without episcopal license, *under pain of excommunication*."

This infernal law of the Roman church goes even further and declares it to be the duty of civil magistrates to aid the church in compelling escaped nuns to return to the life-long imprisonment.

It was against the nuns, as much as it was against the male serf, that the Roman Catholic church adopted and enforced *the first fugitive slave law*.

Let me tell you what Pope Gregory VII. said about the cloistered monks and nuns:

"In these monasteries, almost all religion has been laid aside, *lust and carnal corruption between the males and the nuns have entered in*---and many other vices which shame forbids us to speak of minutely.

"Many of the nuns commit fornication with the very monks who are placed in authority over them; and in the same monasteries many bring forth sons and daughters.

"What is most grievous is, not a few nuns---*destroy the children who see the light*."

This powerful pope who drove a German Kaiser to his knees at Canossa, declares that the nuns sometimes rear their children in the convents, and introduce them into the religious orders; that some of the nuns bring about abortion; and that "not a few" of them murder their babes as soon as they are born!

That is precisely what Maria Monk said, what Erasmus said, what William Hogan said, and what Charles Chiniquy said.

How can any Catholic doubt "what goes on in the nunneries," when the greatest of all the popes tells us that very thing?

Will the editors of the "Cock and Bull Story edition" of The New Century deny what Gregory VII. said?

Or will they contend that human nature has undergone such a radical change, that bull-necked priests have none of the passions of men?

The evidence of Pope Gregory against the convents and monasteries will be found by those who write to the Benziger Bros., New York City, and order by the following name of the work—

Theod. de Niem: *Basil*, 1566.

In Nicholas de Clamenges' book on the "Corruption of the Ecclesiastics," we read.

"Modesty forbids me to say much concerning them (the nuns) which could be said, but instead of speaking of virgins dedicated to God, we should ourselves be dragged into the shameful discourse about brothels, the craft and wanton tricks of harlots, about lewd and incestuous deeds.

"I will not call the convents sanctuaries of God, but execrable stews of Venus, and receptacles where lascivious and shameless young men gratify their lust, so that it is the same thing in our days, to put a nun's veil on a girl, as to expose her to public prostitution."

Could any Protestant arraignment be more terrific?

In 1843, a judicial investigation made in France proved that the same conditions which produced immorality and crime in the nunneries of the Middle Ages, produce it now.

When the nunneries of Barcelona were suddenly opened several years ago, the nuns led their *living* children out, and the news was flashed throughout Christendom.

Some of those Spanish nuns were in the delicate condition which caused so many of the Mexican nuns to hastily seek lying-in hospitals, last year, their priestly paramours loudly asserting that Villa's soldiers had soiled those "doves of the temple."

And while we were all laughing at the way Roosevelt swallowed the priestly fable, an American nun was taken short, and had a baby in the

ladies' rest room of the Cincinnati department store.

Human nature has never changed: unnatural restraint perpetually imposed upon red-blooded mortals merely drive them to unnatural relations with the other sex. Normal young women are just what they were, in the days of the woman caught in the act.

Normal young men are just what they were, when David reached out for another man's wife.

Insulted nature will not surrender her rights. Whenever she is outraged in one direction, she breaks out somewhere else.

That's why the Greek Catholics compel *their* priests to marry.

One of the standard text-books of Roman Catholic theology, is that of Peter Dens, the Irish prelate. In book 5, page 287, of his vile work on Moral Theology, you may read

"Proinde copula cum novitia, vel cum Beggina, vel ali voto simplici castitatis obstricta, non constitut casum reservatum; neque vir religiosis aut Sacredos comprehenditur; adeo, ut persona libera peccans cum Religioso sacerdonte non incurrat hune casum."

This is one of those passages of which State law prohibits the translation for publication. Briefly, it states that a priest may enjoy a criminal intimacy with a nun, and receive absolution at the hands of a brother confessor. Otherwise, it is not a "reserved case," calling for the action of the bishop or other superior.

In other words, Peter Dens recognized the immoral relations of priests with nuns as so common, *so inevitable*, that he taught the priests to consider it a slight offense which would be pardoned, as a routine matter, in a routine confession.

Could I introduce a more convincing proof of "what goes on in the nunneries?"

Virtually, Peter Dens said, as Popes Innocent and Gregory had said, that the convents were places where women were kept for the use of priests.

Can The New Century contradict these Catholic witnesses?

The Roman Horse-leech at Work in England, and in Mexico

THE only times and places where Romanism has been decent and tolerant, have been those times and places where it was in a helpless minority, was kept under stern control, and had to restrain itself. In the early days of this Republic, popery found itself in just such a position. It walked very humbly, and behaved very decently, *as a general thing.*

But since it has grown so prodigiously, through immigration, and through the fatal neglect of Protestant parents and teachers, it has lifted its head with mediæval arrogance, and its vices are becoming more manifest every day.

The individual Catholic, profoundly ignorant of papal secrets and infamies, may be as good a Christian as the devout member of any other church; but *popery* is organized imposture, elaborated fraud, many-handed crime, the most deadly enemy that God ever permitted Satan to use against the human race.

It is synonymous with world-wide tyranny, spoliation, corruption, ignorance and crime.

Let us examine the record, cite the

authorities, marshal the evidence, and make out the case.

As every student knows, Queen Mary restored popery in England (in1553), and proceeded to torture and burn those subjects of hers who could not believe in the miraculous powers of shaven-headed Italians.

After this hateful hag had gone her way to the grave, came Queen Elizabeth, who didn't have much religion of any kind, but was stoutly determined not to be ruled by the frock-wearing priests of Italy.

Following her, came the rickety James I., son of Mary Queen of Scots, and perhaps of her lover, David Rizzio. Anyway, James was at heart a papist. and he used his utmost efforts to marry his son Charles to a Catholic princess of Spain. Failing in that, he made a match for his heir with a Catholic princess of France. This woman proved to be the evil genius of Charles I., and led him from one Jesuit error to another, until Cromwell lost all faith in him, and had his head chopped off.

England was not ripe for a Republic, and after Cromwell died, the Stuart-Catholic dynasty came back in the person of that most dissolute and depraved monarch, Charles II. It was then that the royal Court became a vast brothel, and popery counted on regaining a lost kingdom.

So bold were the priests, that great riots broke out in London, and the people threatened to lynch the King's Catholic scarlet women.

The presumptive heir to Charles II. declared himself a Romanist; and the Protestants were intensely alarmed for their future. At this crisis, Thomas Stavely, a lawyer of the Inner Temple, and Steward of the Court of Records at Leicester, wrote the book which he named, "The Romish Horseleech."

Mr. Stavely also published a history of English churches, a work now exceedingly rare—as are most of the ancient and powerful books against popery.

On the title page of "The Romish Horseleech," there is the sub-headline, reading—

"An impartial account of the intolerable charge of Popery to this nation, in an historical remembrance of some of those *prodigious sums of money heretofore extorted from all degrees, during the exercise of the Papal Power here.*"

That's popery, wherever and whenever you find it. Such a machine for extorting prodigious sums of money from all classes of people, was never before the curse of nations. Its record is uniform, invariable, shockingly mercenary, whether stripping the Filipino of his lands, the Indians of their labor, the Mexicans of their wretched wages, the Irish of their pennies. the Spaniards of their reals, the French of their francs, the Italians of their scudi, the Dutch of their florins, or the Americans of their dollars.

The first Romish tax on Englishmen to which Stavely alludes, is the "Peter's Pence," a levy on every house which contained twenty pennyworth of any kind of goods. The penny of that day is hardly equalled by the half-dollar of ours, so great has been the change in the purchasing power of money. Thus a papal tax of a penny on every house in England, Scotland and Ireland was a grievous burden to the people, in those times when the feudal taxes of kings and nobles were so terribly oppressive.

Next, Thomas Stavely takes up the papal tax of the First Fruits, which means, the revenues of the first year of every spiritual jurisdiction—bishopric, archbishopric &c.

The pope disgraced Stephen Langton because he had sided with the English barons who forced King John to sign the Great Charter of our liberties; therefore, when Simon Langton,

Stephen's brother, was chosen Archbishop of Canterbury, the meek and holy Vicar of Christ refused to confirm the election. Walter Gray was thereupon chosen to the vacant office, and the pious pope sanctioned the choice on payment to him of ten thousand pounds sterling! That sum, expressed in our money, would today be equivalent to perhaps *a million dollars.*

The bishoprics of Canterbury, London, Winchester, Ely, Lincoln, Coventry, Salisbury, Bath, Exeter, Norwich, Worcester, Hereford, Chichester, Rochester, St. Donald's, Landaff, Bangor, St. Asaph, Durham, Carlisle and York were the inexhaustible mines from which the Italian priests drew princely revenues.

When the local monks had selected Walter de Hempsham to succeed Stephen Langton, as Archbishop of Canterbury, the King of England protested to the pope, that Walter had led a scandalous and debauched life, "having gotten several bastards upon a nun." But the pope refused to reject Walter, and appointed Richard Wetherford, until the King agreed to bribe the pope with "*one-tenth part of all the movable goods, both of clergy and laity, throughout England and Ireland.*"

In every dispute concerning ecclesiastical perferments, it was the regular practice for all parties to set out for Rome, supplied with money, and it was well understood that whoever could pay the highest price, was sure to win the contest. (Page 22, Romish Horseleech.)

In the laws of England there stands of record what *the English Catholic* in Parliament assembled, thought of the concentration of wealth by the Italian pope. The Statute of 15 Henry VIII., begins with a recital of how the Catholics of the realm "had for many years been impoverished by intolerable exactions of great sums of money, taken and claimed by the Bishops of Rome, called the pope." Among the papal taxes levied and collected are named Peter's pence, First fruits, Procurations, Expeditions for Bulls, Appeals to Rome, Jurisdictions, Legatine, Dispensations, Licenses, Faculties Grants, Relaxations, Rehabilitations, &c., &c.—quite an Egyptian swarm of locusts that devoured the annual produce of the land.

At any time that the Italian pope and cardinals needed more cash for greedy mistresses or ambitious bastards, they could send a Legate into any papal country and exact, in the name of God, a "Legatine levy," which was never less than *one-tenth of all the personal property of the clergy and the laity.*

Sometimes the levy went as high as a fifth part of all the movable wealth of England. To increase the streams of wealth that poured into the pope's coffers, he made himself the heir of every priest who died intestate. So great was the drain upon the English Catholics, that Matthew of Winchester makes this complaint:

"In those days the head of the people was fallen into a dropsy, which the more money it sucked in, the more it thirsted after more; therefore, the church of the faithful sat disconsolate, being by her governors brought under a most miserable tribute and servitude."

At this time, the net was spread over Ireland and Scotland, a tenth being exacted "for three years as a subsidy to the church of Rome, against the King of Aragon."

Boniface VIII. claimed the whole of Scotland as "a part of St. Peter's patrimony," and sent his written demands to that effect to Edward I.; but the King defied the Italian priests, and the pope backed down. (Page 27, Romish Horseleech.)

Says Stavely, "Appeals to the Court of Rome were another way of drawing

great sums of money out of England continually thither. * * * All encouragement was given to appellants, so that there scarcely happened any controversy of value, but one party or the other would presently appeal to Rome. * * * Many persons were ruined by reason of the great expenses they were put to on this account."

In his sixth chapter, Stavely treats of Dispensations and Absolutions which were "means of drawing vast sums of money to Rome." These dispensations were written licenses to eat meat in Lent, to legitimatise bastards, to ignore contracts and oaths, to divorce wives, to get free from religious vows and orders, to marry within prohibited degrees, to hold a plurality of bishoprics, and so forth.

Some curious cases are cited. Thus Henry III. swore to maintain the Great Charter of our liberties, and the Italian pope "dispensed with the oath." Parliament gave King Henry a great sum of money when he took the oath, and with a portion of the subsidy, the King hired the pope to annul the sworn obligation.

For a huge bribe, Simon Montford, Earl of Leicester, secured from the pope a formal sanction to his marriage to the Princess Eleanor, daughter of King John, the lady being a Protestant!

John of Gaunt, protector of Wickliffe, bought a dispensation to wed his cousin Blanche.

In like manner, Henry VIII. bought the privilege to marry his brother's widow. Stavely cites authorities to prove that when Henry grew tired of this worn-out Spanish wife, and wanted a divorce, "Pope Clement VII. sent Cardinal Campegia into England bearing a Bull or Brief, to dissolve the King's marriage with Queen Catherine. * * * But afterwards the pope conceiving it would disgust the Emperor (Charles V.), who was Catherine's near kinsman (her nephew), he sent another Nuncio to Campegia, an order to burn the Bull and proceed slowly in the cause." (Hist. Conc. Trid. lib I., folio 68. Camp. Speed, &c.)

Another instanec given is, that of King Francis I. of France, to whom Pope Clement VII. granted dispensation from the oaths and covenants which Francis had made to gain his liberty from the Emperor Charles V.

It was a part of the bargain in this case that the son of Francis should marry a kinswoman of the Pope, and in this way those baleful Medici women were introduced into France, to the permanent injury of the people.

"Faith is not to be kept with heretics. The Pope can dispense Law above the Law, and against the Law. Every oath taken by Man is subject to be set aside by the Plentitude of the pope's power."

On these dogmas Rome did business throughout Europe, and coined enormous sums of money.

Next, the author treats of Indulgences and Pardons. "For the purpose of drawing money from the people, there could not have been a more neat contrivance, called by the Romanists themselves, *The Treasury of the Church*."

The pope was the sole dispenser and disposer of them; and whenever he, or his concubines, or his bastards, needed more money, he cried out for a war against the Turks, or the Heretics, or the German Emperor, or some Italian state that sought self-rule. By this method he excused himself for demanding more money, selling pardons-for-sin to obtain it. Rather than fry and roast and stew in Purgatory for a thousand years, the sinners who had possession of ducats delivered them to the pope, who in return granted them an instrument of writing guaranteeing them against the frying, roasting and stewing aforesaid.

Abhorrent as it may seem to us, the pope notified the poor that such

"Graces" were not for *them*, since they had not the wherewithal to purchase the piece of paper. (Taxa Cameræ Apostolicæ, Impreff, Parif.)

On page 70, Stavely says:

"Relicks, Agnus Dei's, Crosses, Pictures, Beads, Swords, Bracelets, Feathers, Roses, Shoes, Boots, Parings of Nails, Drops of Milk, Drops of Blood, Hair, Medals, Ashes, Dust, Rags, Chips, Consecrated Wax, and innumerable knacks, come next in play. By these, the people were constantly gulled out of their money, for these were daily brought over from Rome, and bartered for Gold and Silver."

In St. Paul's Cathedral, London, the swindling priests drew regular streams of revenue from the following "Holy Relics"—

Two ribs of St. Anthony, a crystal containing part of the sepulchre in which Christ was laid, a crystal cup containing some of the hair of the Virgin Mary, and the hand of St. John the Evangelist, a vessel holding some of the blood of St. Paul, a crystal vessel containing some of the garments, hair and milk of the Virgin Mary.

Of course, they also had some of the wood of the True Cross. Nearly every Romanist church in Europe had parts of the True Cross; and, at Rome, the pope had the entire Cross, good as new. The fact that every church could show a portion of it, while the pope could show the whole of it, was easily explained by the doctrine of "miraculous increase."

These Relics in the churches were able to work all sorts of miracles; but none of them would work any miraculous benefit for anybody, unless the money demanded by the priest-custodians of the Relics was paid.

These most blessed Relics did business on a strictly cash basis, kept no books, extended no credit, and had no patience with human wretches whose purses were empty.

Read the following:

"Another the like imposture was practised at Hales, in Gloucestershire, where the blood of Jesus Christ brought from Jerusalem being kept, as was affirmed for many ages, had drawn many great offerings to it from many places."

The vial in which this blood was contained had one side so thick (smoked), that nothing could be seen through it, but on the other side it was thin and transparent. "If a rich and devout man entered the chapel, the priests would show him the smoked side, until he had paid down as much money as they saw fit; after which, to his great consolation, and the assurance that he was not in mortal sin, they turned to him the thin side, where he might see the blood."

It was afterwards discovered that the priests killed a goose every week, and thus kept themselves supplied with fresh blood, which, most impiously, they passed off upon the credulous as the blood of Christ.

This Romish trick, which robust Britons put a stop to, was not a whit worse than the annual fraud of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius at Naples, which is kept up even unto this day, and is regularly reported in the timorous American papers.

Stavely goes on to mention Jubilees, Pilgrimages, Offerings, Courts, Canonizations, &c., &c., as prolific sources of revenue to Rome. There was a fixed and public tax-list for the Year of Jubilee, just as there was for the forgiveness of all manner of sin.

When the admirers of a good and great Catholic wished to have him canonized as a Saint, the expense at Rome was so enormous that it often balked Kings who had the wealth of millions of people at their disposal. Thus Henry VII., desiring for reasons

of State to have Henry VI. canonized, was so chilled in his miserly soul by the huge demands of Rome, that he abandoned the business.

For the investitures of Bishops only, it was computed by the Catholics of the English Parliament (28th Henry VIII.) that the Italian pope had received out of England 160,000 pounds sterling, in forty years. Measured in the money value of our day, this sum would be not less than *sixteen million dollars.*

Stavely says that the founding and endowing of a multitude of abbeys, monasteries, nunneries, &c., "exhausted and swallowed up many fair estates, diverting them from the right heirs, to the ruin or decay of many noble houses and families."

The demented men and women who were persuaded by the artful monks and priests to enter these living-tombs, always carried their property along with them, and thus the Italian church got it all—lands, houses, goods, plate, jewels, and so forth.

The ignorant and superstitious people—even the nobles could seldom sign their names—were taught by the priests that a burial inside the church, or in the monasteries, was peculiarly pleasing in the sight of God, and practically certain to give precedence to the deceased at the gate kept by St. Peter. Such burials "wonderfully enriched" the sacred places where they were celebrated.

"Then these professed monks and friars, upon their visiting and confessing of the sick, always used the most persuasive arguments they could, for the sick person to bestow something for the maintenance of their fraternities, or repairing of their convents; and that he would bequeath his body to be buried in the church of their convent, promising they would daily say prayers and masses for his soul's ease in, and release out of purgatory."

In other words, Rome's buzzards gathered around the carcass and devoured it, before the breath left the body. They do so, yet. They always did. In that way, they swallowed a third of the wealth of England, more than a third of the wealth of France, substantially all of the wealth of the unprivileged classes in Portugal and Spain, and a great portion of that of Mexico, Central America and South America.

Stavely speaks of the monks and friars, of "their ribaldry, lechery, quarrelling, fighting, idleness, cheating, thieving, debauchery, gluttony, &c., maintained by the people's money."

All this time, and amid all this wealth, the priests so neglected their duties that the Bible, *chained to the altar*, was rarely read, even by the clergy; the common herd had no schools, for Sunday or for Monday; the very baron who fought for the restoration of the glorious old Saxon liberties, signed the Great Charter by making their marks; and the ability to write was so exceedingly uncommon, outside the priesthood, that the vilest criminal went free from the penalty of his crime *if he could write.* (See, *Benefit of Clergy*, in Blackstone's Commentaries.)

It was during this hey-day of popish power that the landless white man was a slave on the estate of the feudal proprietor; and the wife and children of the Catholic lords had no legal rights whatsoever!

Stavely adds—"Many wandering mountebank priests went up and down the country, preaching the lives of some holy men and saints, and promising the simple people that, if they vowed themselves to those saints *and paid something in hand*, and such a yearly tribute, they should be freed from such diseases as they desired."

In the Life of Benito Juarez, by Ulick Ralph Burke page 97, we find that there were 2,000 nuns and 1,700

monks who had robbed that starved land of Mexico to the extent of *ninety million dollars*, the income from which was annually divided between these vampires and the great Horse-leech at Rome.

According to Mr. Gaulot, the entire landed property of Mexico in 1849 amounted to $849,000,000 of which the Italian church had grabbed $270,000,000. Of this personal property, the priests had seized $150,000,000. This would be about one-third of all the wealth of the country, practically the same proportion that they had swallowed in England and in France before the wrath and disgust of the people brought on a sweeping confiscation of this knavishly gotten loot—loot taken from the superstitious by hyprocites who used the name of God to despoil their mental slaves. (Life of Maximilian, by Gaulot, pages 103-5.)

In 1846, Waddy Thompson, who had been Minister Plenipotentiary from our Government to that of Mexico, published a book of "Recollections," dedicated to the Hon. W. C. Preston, of South Carolina. On page 39, he describes the gold and silver balustrade in the Cathedral of Mexico City—hand-rail, images, balusters, &c.—not less than 300 feet; and the altar of solid silver, covered "with a profusion of ornaments of pure gold," worth many millions of dollars.

"As you walk through the building, on either side there are different apartments, all filled from the floor to the ceiling, with paintings, statues, vases, huge candlesticks, waiters and a thousand other tricks made of gold or silver."

He then says that the more valuable treasures are stored away in chests and closets. As this church was only *one*, out of sixty or eighty in the capital, he wondered what must have been the aggregate riches of the clergy in Mexico City, and in all the numerous provincial towns where the churches were stuffed with accumulated loot.

He adds—"But the immense wealth which is thus collected in the churches, is not by any means, or even the larger portion, of the wealth of the Mexican church and clergy. They own very many of the finest houses in Mexico and other cities (the rents of which must be enormous), besides valuable real estate all over the Republic.

Almost every person leaves a bequest for masses which constitute an incumbrance upon the estate, and thus nearly all the estates of the small proprietors are mortgaged to the church."

He estimates these at $50,000,000.

Says Waddy Thompson, who studied the papal Horse-leech at close quarters—

"As a means of raising money, I would not give the single institution of the Catholic church *of masses and indulgences* for the benefit of the souls of the dead, for the power of taxation possessed by any government."

"All religions and superstitions have their priesthood and their priestcraft, * * * but of all the artifices of cunning and venality to extort money from credulous weakness, there is none so potential as a mass for the benefit of souls in purgatory."

Exactly so! These cunning and greedy shaven-heads of Rome first create an imaginary near-hell; they then people it with imaginary souls in imaginary torment; and then they demand actual cash from credulous idiots, who have been educated out of their common sense, and who pay a swindler to work an invisible miracle, to-wit—the release of the imaginary soul from the imaginary torment of a non-existent purgatory.

It never occurs to these educated idiots, dolts, pigs, that a human being who *can* pray a suffering soul out of state of agony, and who will not do it, *unless paid to pray*, is at least as much of a Devil, as the Lucifer who bosses the purgatorial fires and furnaces.

The Battle of Boyne

F. Hugh O'Donnell

A WORD OF PREFACE.—The following pages, written by an Irish Roman Catholic and Master of Arts, were provoked by the persistent efiorts of the Maynooth Bishops and the Jesuits to maintain Sectarian hatred between the different religious denominations in Ireland. The victory of William of Orange was a victory for human freedom.

STUDENTS of history must have often reflected on the immense and incalculable difference it would have made to the peace, progress, and common patriotism of Ulster and all Ireland, during the last century, and, indeed, during the two last centuries, if the Irish Catholic laity had been allowed to learn the truth of the causes which brought William of Orange and his Protestant army to fight the Battle of the Boyne. It has occurred to me that even today it may not be too late for future generations to begin to know something of the true reasons which forced the subjects of the Stuart King to call over the Dutch Deliverer, and which made the regiments of the little Republic of Holland dare even the mighty hosts of the French Monarchy, in order to prevent the bloody system of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes being extended to Protestant men, women and children in England, Scotland, and Ireland.

Let me say at once that there need be no word of disrespect for those Irish Catholics of long ago, the valiant companions of Patrick Sarsfield, who, on all those stubborn fields from the banks of the Boyne to the walls of Limerick, maintained, often with magnificent courage, the bad cause of the traitor-tyrant, James II. Though abandoned by their French allies, and by their own dastard King, the fierce Irish cavaliers who grappled with veteran Schomberg in the fords of the Boyne, who manned the crumbling ramparts of Athlone and Limerick, did not tarnish the military glory of the Celt; and their subsequent career as the famous Irish Brigades in France and Spain fill some of the proudest pages in the history of war. I, who glory in my share in the blood of those exiles of my race, would assuredly not stoop to tolerate one word of contumely against my countrymen who fought and died for what they were taught to believe was the side of faith and freedom; and the war-sworn commanders of William the Third, who vainly endeavored to win the departing Irish soldiery for the banners of the new King, would have been the last men to under-value such gallant enemies. Whether we be Protestant or Catholic, let us not misrepresent our opponents. Unfortunately, Irish Catholics have been carefllly trained by the clerical party, which has duped them for generations, to possess no shadow of understanding of what really was at stake at famed Boyne Water and upon the tragic hill of Kilcommedan. They have learned all about the penal laws, except that they were the copy and the effect of the penal laws which the Bourbon ally of James had passed, by abominable perjury, against the innocent Protestants of France, and which James II. had conspired with Louis XIV. to establish within his British dominions. They have learned all about martial law and edicts of proscription and banishment, but they have never been taught to realize that the Protestant vengeance which fell upon unhappy Ireland had been kindled by the demoniac "lambs" of Colonel Kirke, by the hangings, transportations, and floggings in mass of the simple-hearted peasants of Somerset and Devon, by the massacre and banishment, and misery, of a hundred thousand French Hugenot men, women and

children driven to seek in foreign exile an escape from the persecuting whips and swords of the ruffian Bourbon King, who was the ally and the paymaster of James II.

O my Protestant countrymen of Ulster and Ireland, let us all look to the awful past, not for motives of continued division, but for reasons why Irishmen of different creeds should at length begin to understand that the mutual knowledge of the real facts of history, which the clerical spirit has so long distorted or hid, is the surest guide to toleration, to mutual respect, to the unity of the common country, and the same dear Irish home! Believe me, ye stern and martial wearers of Orange William's conquering color, that it would be better, gloriously better, for the future of our dear Ireland, if all the men who love the Green only knew how holy was the cause, how deep the necessity, how noble was the spirit which united the apprentices of Derry and the Guards of the United Netherlands to keep the Dragonades of Louis and the inquisition of the Jesuits far forever from the English and Irish shores. Bitterly duped were the ancestors of the Catholic Irish. They were made the catpaws of the Jesuit game, which would have laid all the liberties of Europe beneath the boot heels of the Bourbon despot, profligate and bigot. Perhaps not one Irish Catholic in a thousand knows today that the news of the victory of the Boyne brought hope and gladness, ont only to stout Lutherans and Calvinists from Amsterdam to the Elbe, but to freedom-loving men, Catholic and Protestant millions and tens of millions, in all lands of Germany and Austria, and beyond the Alpine passes of Piedmont and Tyrol. What caused the battle of the Boyne?

Not very long ago, a Dublin friend of mine, speaking of my book on "The Ruin of Education in Ireland," said to me: "Of course what you write is quite true. The clerical schools and colleges are doing no end of harm. But I would not please those Orange bigots by admitting it." That is precisely the frame of mind which clerical education produces. If truth appears to be on the non-clerical side, suppress it. What I am going to say about the Battle of the Boyne may be expected to wound people like my Dublin friend, very much, indeed. But I know by experience, also, that there are numbers of Ulster Catholics who read the "Belfast News-Letter" with an open mind, and who are sick of the pious fables which have kept Catholic and Protestant apart in nation killing separation.

What caused the Battle of the Boyne? The average pupil of that education which certain British statesmen would establish and endow even in a seat of university learning, would at once reply: "The determination of England and her Irish Protestant garrison to crush liberty of conscience in Ireland," and he may go on to add: "If we had only a few good French troops, we should have won the day." Beyond a certain idea that the French troops at the Boyne did nothing, the average Irish Catholic has no more to say about France and Ireland in connection with the great encounter. Not one in ten thousand has ever been taught to know that those regiments of Louis XIV. represented infamy and persecution, and that the unhappy Irish had been again duped by their clerical advisers into risking the whole future of their race and country in the vilest game of hypocrisy and tyranny which any century has witnessed. Astounding as it appears to the ordinary Catholic, the side of civil and religious freedom was the Protestant side; the side of Louis and James was the side of perjury, persecution, and oppression; and the whole of Europe, outside of France, was praying for the victory of the Deliverer from Holland as a deliverer of human nature itself from the Bourbon tyrant, his Stuart accomplice, and

the Jesuit counsellors and guides of the precious pair.

The Catholics of Ulster have learned to bear in mind that date of July the First, 1690, which saw the great victory of William of Orange. Let me ask them to bear in mind for the future another date, only five years earlier than the Battle of the Boyne, the date of the 22nd of October, 1685. What happened on the 22nd of October? Only this, that on that day Louis XIV., of France, in the very lust and insolence of his military preponderance and his unbridled despotism, incited by his clerical counsellors and servile bishops, abolished the Great Charter of Toleration of the inoffensive Protestants of France, revoked the Edict of Nantes, solemnly granted by King Henri IV. a century before, and ordered half a million of patriotic Frenchmen, Christians by as good a right of conscience as any Irishman in Ireland, to abandon their religion, to be renegades to their faith and conscience, or to live like trampled slaves and harlots in their native land. The Protestant churches were levelled with the ground. The Protestant ministers of religion were banished from France under the most cruel penalties. The Protestant laity who would seek in exile the liberty denied at home were punished with penal servitude in the galleys. The children of the Protestant people were torn from the arms of fathers and mothers, and forced into Catholic schools, where monks, and nuns, dishonored slaves of the tyrant, were to make them apostates and perverts from the faith of their parents and their baptism. To drive the parents themselves into the same apostacy by terror and privation, regiments of dragoons were quartered on the Protestant communities, to waste the substance and riot at the expense of the oppressed people, so long as they refused to join the official church of the pious profligate upon the throne.

For a quarter of a century the Palace and Court of the French King had been disreputable. His mistresses and their children were the honored center of a gorgeous galaxy of marshals and cardinals and marquises and monsignori. The magnificent Louis changed his concubines with the seasons, but he never changed his confessors. They were always Jesuits. Father La Chaise, S. J., and Father Le Tellier, S. J., fill up with their ghostly counsels the entire reign of the profligate and scandalous despot. And now at one stroke he was to atone for all his infamies by stamping out of existence the peaceful and loyal Huguenots of France.

The same year which saw the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, saw the enthronement of James the Second on the Engilsh throne. A Jesuit, Father Petre, S. J., was sworn a member of the English Privy Council. A secret treaty bound together Louis and James. England was to be re-made on the French model. Military absolutism was to take the place of parliamentary institutions. A standing army, supported by French reserves and French subsidies, was to obey the King alone. The doom of the Protestants of France was impending over the Protestants of Britain. Every Protestant father and mother saw in vision before them the children torn from their arms, as in France, by a ruffian soldiery, saw the ministers of religion banished from the land or expiring on the gibbet.

This, men of Ulster, Catholic and Protestant, this is what went before the Boyne. Was William of Orange wrong in listening to the appeal of a nation menaced by such oppression and already ruled by the hireling and ally of the French persecutor? Was William of Orange anything less than a hero and chevalier in resolving to match the forces of his Netherlands against all the might of Bourbon and Stuart in resolving to risk land and life in order to prevent the pious Nero of

Versailles from setting up another pious Nero at Whitehall? Alas for Irish Catholics, that they were duped in that tremendous time to link their nation with the butchers of the peasants of Sedgmoor, and with the revokers of the Edict of Nantes! If vengeance fell upon unhappy Ireland, blame the clerical leaders, in the first place. The day that the crown of the morose and fanatical James fell into the waters of the Boyne, a great cry of relief went up from three parts of Europe. The victory for which Walker and Schomberg died roused a score of peoples to rise against the French terrorism, just as 120 years later the retreat from Moscow roused all the peoples from the Baltic to the Exuine for war of liberation against Napoleon. And this at least must be said for Napoleon: under Napoleon no man had to fear the fires of Smithfield for believing according to his conscience, no mother had to fear having her children plucked from her arms by missionary dragoons and cutthroat proselytisers.

Heavy was the ruin that fell upon Catholic Ireland. For backing a Penal Code in France, she was to earn a Penal Code at home. Yet the Irish never knew what Louis and James meant to European freedom. The Irish never knew. Magnificently reckless, egregiously deceived, the dupes of their trustfulness, carefully excluded from information, two hundred years ago they charged for "the clergy's king," just as today they vote for "the clergy's candidates." And that is why Ireland has missed its destiny. And that is why the huge new convent arises among the streets of hovels. And that is why the Irish race is dwindling from the earth . No land could progress beneath a political clergy such as ours.

If the Irish troops at the Boyne had been conscious of the part they were being made to play, and if they had learned the true character of the infamous policy of Louis XIV., the history of Ireland might have been different and happier. But they were duped in the seventeenth century, just as they had been duped in the sixteenth. Under Elizabeth they had been duped into supporting the atrocious and absurd pretention of the Pope to depose any sovereign who incurred his displeasure, and they had become the allies of that Philip II. of Spain, whose brutal Duke of Alva was drenching the soil of the Netherlands with the best blood of patriots and martyrs of liberty. They had been duped into aiding the armadas of that Inquisition around whose hideous tribunals the smoke and smell of roasting human beings went up to outraged heaven as from the shambles and the cooking pots of some hideous cannibalism of Africa. When James the First offered them peace and toleration on condition that they repudiated the monstrous papal claim to order the dethronement and execution of all Protestant kings, they were again duped into supporting the abominable philosophy of Suarez and the Jesuits, who taught that the right of exterminating heretics and killing heretic rulers was the brightest jewel in the tiara of the Roman Pontiff. And now they were again being duped to shed their gallant lives and expend their headlong valor in support of a Stuart hireling of that profligate Tyrant of Versailles who had levelled to the earth the Protestant churches of France, and who was sending to the gibbet and to penal servitude the pastors and the flocks of French Protestantism together.

Pity, pity for those brave, ignorant, trustful clansmen so mercilessly utilized and so shamelessly deceived.

Nor was the measure of their betrayal and the depth of their misery yet attained. The infamous comedy of a new crusade was to be perpetuated for another half century and the heroic survivors of the Boyne and Aughrim and Limerick were to be wheedled away

by black deceivers from their native shores in order, as deluded mercenaries, to do the butcher work of the Bourbons upon peaceful religionists and oppressed nations throughout the European continent.

Whatever be our religious or political convictions, we all know the magnificent soldiership of the Irish Brigades who fought and died for the Bourbon Crown during three parts of a century after the Treaty of Limerick. Not only at Cremona and Almanza and Fontenoy, but on less fortunate fields, as at that Blenheim where they all but broke the onset of Catholic and Protestant Germany united with England under the Protestant Duke of Marlborough and the Catholic Prince Eugene of Austria; not only in triumph, but in failure, the terrible valour of the Irish exiles dismayed hostile generals and shattered the plans of opposing statesmen. It is no wonder that the name and the fame of the Great Brigade will forever be the pride of the latest child of the Irish race from the slums of London to the farthest islands of the Pacific.

But for what, kind Heavens and to what purpose was that heroism wasted and that peerless fidelity squeezed dry? Ask the same black deceivers who lured Sarsfield's men from Shannon, Louis the Despot and Louis the Debased. Ask the facts of history alone.

When the destroying armies of Louis were sent to devastate and depopulate the Palatinate of the Reine, more than 1,000 villages were given to the flames, thirty-one towns were levelled with the ground, two capital cities were wrecked and blown up with gunpowder. Hundreds of thousands of men, women and children were driven before the bayonets and sabres of the French army, or perished of starvation amid their ruined homes. To this day the devastation of the Palatinate acts like a charm of vengeance on the men of Germany, and Von Moltke's hosts, as they marched to the overthrow of France, in 1870, recalled the devilries of that horrible campaign. Among the troops of the destroying soldiery of Louis was the Irish Brigade of Lord Mountcashel.

In the South of France itself, when the poor Protestant peasantry, the gallant mountaineers of the Cevennes, rose in desperation to rescue their kidnapped children from the proselytising school, to avenge their murdered and imprisoned pastors slain by the Jesuit King's orders, or slaving on the Jesuit King's galleys; and and when the fiercest mercenaries of Louis were let loose upon the hapless people; fiercest and most feared of all the cries of the persecuting troopers was the charging cheer of Clare and Tipperary. The resistless valour of the Irish Exiles was employed to level the Protestant chapel, to burn the Protestant roof-tree, to drown in blood the last protest of the Protestant towns and villages. And yet Irishmen today wonder why there were Penal Laws against Catholics in Ireland! For two centuries there never was an opportunity of supporting by arms the bloody Inquisition of Spain and France, but the blind delusion of the Irish Catholics was turned by the Jesuitised Clergy against liberty of conscience, against humanity, against the lives and fortunes of Protestant wives and widows and orphans.

I had a dear old friend ,a venerable Swiss pastor, full of kindness and toleration, but he said to me often, "There are still villages in the Vaudois valleys where the name of Irishman is cursed by the descendants of the martyrs who were immolated by the Irish mercenaries of France and Savoy." The Vaudois, the Waldenses, were primitive Protestants in the uplands of Savoy and Dauphine who were slaughtered in thousands by the Jesuit policy, and O'Connor, in his "Military Memoirs of the Irish Nation," has had to chronicle that foremost among the butchers and

the burners were the prostituted valour and discipline of the Irish Brigade.

And for more than half a century Ireland continued to send her "wild geese" to recruit the ranks of the gallant troops whom the Bourbon bigots were degrading to these infamous uses. And yet Irishmen today wonder that there were stern and cruel laws against Irish priests engaged in the work of bigot France in Ireland! The Protestants and we might have quarrelled about rites and dogmas, and still no bones might have been broken. But when the Irish were dragged by their spiritual guides into every ruthless conspiracy for suppressing conscience and oppressing liberty, is it a wonder that ferocious passions were aroused and that savage atonements were exacted? When the Irish Catholics gave up being duped into aiding ruffianly persecutors, the Penal Laws quickly came to an end, and when, in 1793, the Protestant Irish Parliament granted freedom of religion and almost universal suffrage to the Irish Catholics, there was still neither toleration nor peace for Protestant populations in any Catholic State in Europe.

I write these lines for a Protestant newspaper, and for the anniversary of the great Protestant victories of the seventeenth century. I do not give up one inch of my Catholic faith in recognizing that the unhappy Irish Catholics had been duped and betrayed into supporting tyranny and intolerance when they supported Louis and James, and that the cause of William of Orange represented civil and religious liberty for the whole world. It is simply no use for Irishmen to complain of being treated with penal restrictions when they themselves were the tools and instruments of the most awful persecution and the most ruthless bigotry. When the Irish were led to endorse the perfidy and intolerance which outlawed the innocent and inoffensive Protestants of France, when they allowed their Irish exiles to carry sword and fire among the poor Protestant peasants of the Cevennes and the Alps, they provoked retaliation; and it was inevitable that the retaliation should last at least as long as Catholic Irishmen continued to do the bloody work of the tyrant and the inquisitor. You can not have your cake and eat it. You can not drench with flame and steel the humble homes of quiet Protestant folk beyond the Loire and Rhone, and yet expect no penalty from their co-religionists nearer home. You can not help a perjured James Stuart to break the laws of the State and to trampple the Constitution under foot without finding stern precautions being taken to prevent you being any longer a dangerous enemy of humon progress. It is no use for us Catholics to close our eyes to what is known to every student of history. Though the victory of the Boyne entailed loss and deprivation for a time upon the Irish Catholics who were vanquished there, the principle of representative government, of religious liberty, of popular control, which would have been annihilated by Louis and James, were destined to spread throughout all civilization in the wake of the banners of William the Deliverer; and though he came only as a deliverer to his Protestant co-religionists, the emancipating principles he defended by the sword did not long continue to be the close borough of any sect or creed. They widened and they grew with every generation. They inspired all that was best in the struggle of the American Revolution, the Grattan Reforms, the Emancipation of the Catholics by the Irish Parliament, the rights of man as distinguished from the excesses of the French Revolution. The Petition of Right and the Bill of Rights, the dependence of standing armies on the authority of Parliament, the right of every man to be responsible for his religion to no tribunal but conscience alone—all these fundamental

ideas and vitalities of the modern world were contained in germ and were planted in potency in the camps of the legions of William and within the stubborn walls of the defenders of Derry, who could starve but who could not surrender.

As an Irishman, I grieve even to tears over the defeat and ruin which fell upon my Catholic race for generations; and where is the gallant Orangeman today who will refuse a manly regret to those splendid foemen, so foully misled, so cruelly deceived, and forced in turn to be the accomplices of the Armadas of the Inquisition, the plotters of the Gunpowder Plot and the Bourbon and Stuart tyrants, who revoked the Edict of Nantes, and commissioned and employed the racks and gibbets of Scroggs and Jeffreys? Pity and sorrow for the Gaelic clans who, all innocent of the dark politics beyond their green woods and grey mountains, were involved without their knowledge in the bloody counsels of Alva and Aquaviva, and the dragoons of Languedoc, and the burners and exterminators of the Palatinate. May the descendants of those Gaels today also come to learn, and to honor when they learn, that the pale, slender Prince who led the victors of the Boyne had long been a patriot and a hero within his native shores; that alone, amid a cowed and frightened Europe, he had faced and dared the worst menace of the absolute Sovereign of France and all its enormous armies, that he had cut the dykes of his free Holland, and let in the waters of the salt ocean into its fertile provinces, in order to make an impassable barrier between the vast hosts of the invader and the slender garrisons who held the forts of his nation's independence. And when Irishmen, whose fathers stood on the one side and the other two hundred years ago, come all alike to know the truths of history and the triumphs of conscience, Catholics will cease to deny that William of Orange was the father of all constitutional progress, and Protestants will not refuse a soldier's tribute to the foes who met the best soldiers of the North, and who fought for tyranny only because they had been mistaught to call it justice and right.

Yours faithfully,

F. Hugh O'Donnell.

Note.—Perhaps I ought to give some illustrations of the fiendish spirit of the French persecution of the Protestants previous to the battle of the Boyne.

I find, for instance, Louis XIV., in an edict from Fontainbleau, coolly explaining that he had ordered his Protestant subjects to be deprived of their children, "because being imbued with heretical error, they were not fit to fulfill parental duties."

The Catholic Duc de St. Simon, in his famous "Memoirs," expressly states that "the bishops united in extolling the King for his suppression of Protestantism, and the Jesuits published his praises in all their pulpits." It is to be observed that the brilliant and able Duc de St. Simon condemns with just detestation the work of persecuton.

Madame de Sevigne, the famous writer, states, with pious glee, that "the dragoons made excellent missionaries, and Jesuits are now being sent to complete the work of conversion." Imagine the Holy Fathers of the Society of Jesus—what blasphemous misuse of the sacred name!—expounding the dogmas of the Church to poor, helpless Protestant prisoners, while dragoons and musketeers were holding horse pistols and firelocks at their heads! I suppose that is why a Protestant Government pays "the Society of Jesus" £6,000 ($30,000) a year of public money for conducting an inferior sectarian college in Stephen's Green.

Finally, I have read a letter from Louvois, the Minister of War for Louis XIV., in which he expresses his "great

regret that the dragoons did not shoot the Protestant women." The common soldiers were often far more humane than the infamous King and his pious Jesuits.

Such was the work of hell and inhumanity which the brave deluded Irish Catholics were marched to support at the Battle of the Boyne. The most Eminent Cardinal Logue will not refute a single one of these facts. Might I venture that at least he might commence to instruct the Catholics of the archdiocese of Armagh how William of Orange fought for conscience and freedom at the battle of the Boyne?

The Woman of the South

Howard Meriwether Lovett

AFTER revolution has swept a country, in the nature of human events, there must follow a period of inertia—a space between epochs when silent forces of Time bridge Past and Present. It is the law of evolution working in the rise and fall or civilizations throughout the world's history. There is upheaval, destruction, cataclysm; then follow years, which may yet hold the miracles of involution and re-creation. Again comes the spirit of adolescence, the awakening and development of a new civilization in place of the one passed away. The historian of an hundred years hence, with the calm eye of true perspective, will thus view American history.

Then will become plain, what has oftimes been obscured during the past fifty years, that a fine and gentle civilization was buried under the battlefields of the sixties. In the present day of pulsing rejuvenation, which we inadvertently call the New South, we have to learn that another civilization can only be built wisely on lines proven true; and that no country can be great that forgets the lessons of its past.

The Old South lies like a buried city of the Orient, rich in treasures of mind and spirit, such as the Ages count priceless and immortal. No new structure can be reared worthy the name of civilization which is not based on the foundation, broad and impregnable, that was laid by the blood and brains of our ancestors. Do we of the New South realize that a renaissance of the Old South would mean, in many ways, advancement along lines of modern progress? This is a great fact to grasp. We might stand convicted of degeneracy unless we claim this heritage that proves us children of royal lineage in the Judgment House of Race and Humanity. Let the fresh, unprejudiced minds of today seek proofs of a civilization that was founded in Southern colonies by our forefathers, and they will be abundantly repaid.

In the libraries of old book-lovers, learn from Historical Records, from musty tomes of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, and *De Bow's Review;* from the writings of Hugh Swinton LeGare, Robt. Y. Hayne, Richard Henry Wilde, and many others of Old World flavor. Then, in the mind of the researcher, will arise out of myth and legend, an Old South as real and imperishable as the classics of Greece and Rome.

Of ancient Greece, Socrates, Plato—philosophies, poetry and art speak to the world. Has modern Greece forgotten that Socrates sat at the feet of

Diotima, the wise woman of Mantua? That the names of Sappho and Myrtis were famous in the annals of poetry and history? That Corinna was a great educator, the teacher of Pindar, over whom she won prizes in five public contests? That Aspasia was teacher of philosophy and rhetoric in Athens, and composed the orations of Pericles, one of the greatest statesmen of Greece? Could a modern feminist claim a wider sphere than that held by these types of woman? We of the New South would stand before the world mendicant, indeed, if, after centuries following the finest colonization for the sake of human happiness ever made by English-speaking people we are forced to *import*, for the present generation, teachings of Christian civilization, and first lessons in sociological equity. Let us respetc our well-earned individuality and independence by finding our logical relation to existing feminist movements through intelligent understanding of the position that has been held in the past by Southern woman.

Have you pictured the old-time gentlewoman as a being of luxury and irresponsible idleness? As one unversed and unlettered, save in social graces confined to the narrow hearthstone of domesticity? Then turn that canvas to the wall, and find colors and brush for a truer portrait. With gentleness of manner, religious faith, and devotion to duty, the woman of the Old South possessed the executive ability of a modern club-woman, the administrative finesse of statesman and diplomat, and enough practical knowledge to conduct settlement work in a metropolis.

She was no stranger in the world of letters and politics; and yet her hand and heart and brain ministered to the physical and moral needs of children, the untutored African, and men. In the nursery, with every phase of child-culture; in the negro cabin, with every phase of a sociological problem; as dispenser of hospitality, teacher, counsellor, and co-worker, her power was felt suppreme.

When the first chartered college for females (as we were then called) was founded on Georgia soil, the plan of this pioneer institution was, that in number half of the trustees should be women and half men. The original application for the charter was thus drawn: Fifteen men and fifteen women chosen as trustees, mentioning *ladies first*—according to old-time manners. This curious document of the early nineteenth century is evidence of the place held by our great-grandmothers in maintainance of Church and State.

We had attained before the sixties to that standard of civic beatitude in which man and woman worked side by side for the good of all classes.

There is no parallel in modern life for the requirements of a mistress of an ante-bellum plantation. The plantation was a social and industrial settlement, calling for an endowment of mental and spiritual resources, incomparable to the demands of any existing institutional work. There was then an education of hand and brain and heart which is the despair of Theory and beyond the scope of colleges.

Before the American Revolution, Eliza Pinckney, mother of General Charles Cotesworth Pinckney of Carolina, presented in her daily life a marvel of versatility. She developed the industry of indigo-growing while conducting her father's plantation, at the same time attending to those affairs always considered strictly feminine. Her love of books and gardening gave admirable poise, while the multifarious duties of her station called into exercise all faculties and energies.

Did the woman of the Old South fill well her place in the life of her day? Let the human product of that day—the men who were statesmen, soldiers, and gentlemen, in public and

private life—be the answer. The *human product* is the test of any people's claim to greatness.

Then there was another product of the old Southern home—the faithful black mammy—now revered as the best type of the negro race. "Mammy" and her "Mistress" stand side by side as exemplars of a civilization that has passed away.

This brings us to the gray dawn of the New South.

Before the rise of new hopes under new conditions, there was a period that seemed without cheer to those who had watched the devastation; and a word must be said of the woman of this period of the South.

The woman of Colonial days, of the American Revolution, and of the Southern Confederacy, have all received, from historian and orator, a measure of just praise. But the woman of the Reconstruction has yet to be given her rightful place in the annals of our people. There are few historical collections of those days of untold fortitude when the mettle of a proud people was tried in ways unparalleled; and unnoted is woman's part in that trial.

But memory bears witness to patient faces and hands of gentlewomen wearing the scars of grinding poverty; who, unurged by the excitement and glamor of war, labored in a chaotic world to keep aloft standards of civilization that had been ruthlessly overthrown.

It was once the writer's privilege to examine a packet of old letters that offered testimony as indisputable as historical records. These letters, beautiful in chirography, faultless in diction, glowing in spirit, are eloquent in their very reticence. There is the simple unvarnished statement of how many months the family had subsisted without sugar or coffee, and of substitutes found to be more or less palatable; the half-humorous account of growing cucumbers and offering home-made pickles to the nearest market; of making, for sale, aprons and sunbonnets of homespun cloth; of practicing intolerable economies, of doing menial tasks, and at the same time teaching the younger generation Latin and higher mathematics

And so misfortune could not conquer her spirit, as with tireless energy and determination she upheld amidst dreary poverty, old standards of culture. Neither Rome nor Greece nor any civilization offers a nobler type of womanhood than such mothers of the woman of the New South.

Holding fast to the lessons of the past, we of today must take our place in the modern scheme of things. New occasions teach new duties, and we must find our vital relation to our own generation. We need knowledge of our own people, our history, our social and economic conditions and the place we we should occupy in civic life. Have we not our peculiar problems, racial and sociological?

The movement started, some years ago, at the Sophie Newcomb School, New Orleans, by Helen Gray (so I am informed), in founding a Southern Woman's Economic and Political Science Association, is constructive work along the right line. The avowed purpose of this organization is a proper study of "the economical life and history of the South," and to *encourage the youth of the South* to study our economy and history; it meets our most vital need today. This movement comes from the *direction* it should, for Southern women. It is vastly important just now, that movements should have a true source; impetus given to a new construction of our civic life should not cause us to depart from that straight old line of Faith and Duty that was followed so beautifully in a past civlization.

The woman of the New South should be particularly chary of giving allegiance to innovations, for the plain reason that what may mean *reform* to

one section or country, might be retrogression to us.

With due respect for all movements for the betterment of humanity, we must be pardoned for preference for one that has its incipiency in the brain of the Southern-born, its rise in a wise old historic city (like New Orleans), and that seeks its course *upward* from Louisiana to the Northern boundary of our Southland.

We of the New South can not learn our history and economic and social conditions from foreign text-books. Does an intelligent student of any country base his estimates and conclusions on second-hand knowledge? Can we learn of Continental life from insular Britishers who have never crossed the Engish Channel? And yet we are prone to study the South's history and economics from books written by aliens, that are not founded on experience or first-hand investigation. This is just the reason why the South has been relegated to her present place in the political economy of the United States.

Take, for exampple, *Bryce's History of the American Commonwealth*: what this work contains on the South as a part of America, would not be accepted by any conscientious student. It represents the same stereotyped output found in similar works of history. No scholarly attainment, no breadth of view, no sincerity of mind, can qualify a writer for dealing justly with a country whose soil his foot has not pressed and whose archives have not been opened to his research.

Where shall we go to learn of the part the Southern Colonies played in the Revolutionary War?

There is a history entitled "The Struggle for American Independence," bound in two handsome volumes, comprising over a thousand pages, written and published in Philadelphia, which is recognized as a work of exceptional fairness. In these thousand pages, *two lines* are given to Patrick Henry; less than two pages to John Laurens; and the "best fighter Georgia had in the Revolution," is just casually mentioned as a "certain Colonel Clarke." Did the author of this work go to Virginia's archives to learn of Patrick Henry and his genius for states-craft, whose impassioned eloquence struck the keynote that gave high principles to a rebellion started about tax on tea? Did he go to South Carolina's historical collections, to learn of John Laurens, the Bayard of the Revolution, Washington's Ambassador to the Court of France, who brought means for carrying on the war when all other resources had failed? Did he go to Georgia records, to learn of General Elijah Clarke, whose bold and dauntless spirit kept alive the Cause of Independence on the Southern frontier? There are no footnote references, no broad and comprehensive views found in all these thousand pages to indicate original research into the history of the Southern States.

Shall we of the South accept a place thus accorded us in the history of American Independence? Shall we allow our children to accept such a place? There is but one way to undo the injustice that has been our porrtion: *We must study our own records and write our own history, and teach it to the children of the New South.*

When the woman of the New South takes up the study of economics and political science, let her put aside foreign text-books, and get knowledge first-hand. Then can *knowledge* be used as touch-stone to guide us in real progress along modern lines. We will learn that our truest advancement may be in regaining from the teachings of the past, that finely adjusted reciprocity of man and woman—each doing the work for which best suited.

In the Old South, woman inspired, if she did not write the orations of our Pericles. She may still do it; or deliver the oration herself—when Time and

Place and Woman meet in proper unison.

The woman of the New South may deliver the message from the throne upon which her grandmother sat a queen. But she must first earn her power by a knowledge of facts—the eloquent facts—of her country's history. The informed woman will know how to uphold the best traditions of her people and keep abreast of the modern world.

It is not necessary to progress that we must turn aside from our beaten path at sign-posts pointing the way to unexplored regions of Latest Scientific Theory—as does *Eugenics*. We are perfectly justified in adhering to our own route, when we hold the belief that ancient wisdom and new psychology may be better combined in rare utility for perpetuating a well-born race. Why should we forget that the Greeks had in their homes beautiful statuary and works of art that the formative influence of the ideal might be transmitted to the unborn? There seems to me something temperamental about the Southern woman that would make her averse to the material science of Eugenics, and give preference to the more spiritual conception of the Greeks.

Inspiration is creative.

And we are richer than was Greece in inspirational ideals, for ours are of beauty and purity of character, as well as physical form. Could sculptor or painter have worthier model than men of such heroic mould as William H. Crawford, before whom Napoleon bowed; men of princely personality, as Robert E. Lee, and Albert Sydney Johnston; men of master minds, as John C. Calhoun, and Henry Clay; great-souled intellectuals, like Matthew Fontaine Maury; benefactors of humanity, like Dr. Crawford W. Long; men of incorruption and sacrifice, like Jefferson Davis and Alexander H. Stephens—each bearing the stamp of nobility. Then there is the classic beauty of such poets as Sidney Lanier, Henry Timrod, Paul Hayne and Edgar Poe, with their matchless gifts to literature.

Let us add another type of Southron to our inspirational group: the superb cavalry leader, Bedford Forrest; the naval commander, Raphael Semmes, before whose brilliant deeds of daring paled the achievements of the world's cavalry and navy. Would the woman of the South have *her* sons less spirited, less loyal, less fearless? Then the very names of such heroes should make Southern blood burn and leap with a vibrant force that raises the soul above the plane of tame mediocrity and is more surely creative of type than the laws of animal materialism. The woman who breathes such an atmosphere of inspired ideals, will hear the call to do work fine and lasting, that will bring a revival of great deeds by a great people.

To the woman of the South who knows the history of her people, who is versed in the principles of social and political economics, who is ready to give energy and time to the welfare of other generations—the wide field of human endeavor lies open. To one enlightened as to the significance of opportunity and of the relation of the individual to the Commonwealth, the selfish life is left behind. The problems of marriage and divorce find solution in a new conception of the joy of duty—and personal happiness appeals to higher motives. "The Life of the Bee" is a suggestive study in social economics. "What is good for the bee, is good for the hive." There is something very satisfying to one's intelligence in finding the nice adjustment in woman's destiny between moral and social values. That proud reticence with which the old-fashioned lady shielded sacred human relationship, we should not dare profane.

The woman of the South meets with little antagonism when she enters the industrial and professional world. If we have the qualifications for any enterprise that were possessed by our progenitors for conducting plantations, we may be assured of success.

The trials and discouragements met by a business woman in the South are caused by those faults of human nature found in all climes. *Manners* and a *sense of humor*, are two gifts of temperament that have softened for us, asperities of fortune in times of war and peace. May we ever claim such ameliorating influences!

If, after thorough study of the history and political economies of our country, a woman of the New South finds higher callings, opportunities more honorable, service to humanity that can be better rendered than has been done in the past, there is no reason why she should not demand a chance to exploit her talents. She should be warned, however, not to make a fatal blunder when exchanging old for new spheres of action: a blunder comparable to a Lord High Chancellor throwing aside the ermine to demand *equal physical rights* with the sergeant-at-arms!

Restrictions of sovereignty may be more just and less irksome than a freedom that is vassalage.

Inviolate tradition holds illuminating precepts of a Golden Age which should keep in the pathway of Eternal Fitness of Things, the ambitious footsteps of a woman of the New South, as she enters new worlds to conquer.

The Hills of Faith

John Joseph Scott

Oh, the Hills of Faith, in their gowns of green,
That smile at an April sun,
Are the hills of life, when the imps of strife
Are dead to their deeds undone;
They rise from the gray of the yesterday,
And living the dream of Youth,
They give to the soul in quest of a goal,
Hope, and the courage of Truth.

Oh, the Hills of Faith, in their robes of brown,
That croon with the close of day,
Are the hills that thrill, and through every ill,
In trust of an endless May:
For the Hills of Faith are boundless in scope—
They live, and with strength sublime
Guide hearts that stand, in each dreary land,
And shall through the years of time.

Oh, the Hills of Faith, in their shawls of white,
That gaze on a sensate sky,
Are the hills that call, through Fate's dark pall,
To the heights that never die;
For the Hills of Faith are temples of God—
Built high on this old earth's breast,
Where the weary may, at the end of Day,
Find Love and eternal rest.

Editorial Notes and Clippings

IN the year 1839, there was published in Baltimore a book of travels by David Hoffman. On page 113 of this volume ("A Peep in My Notebook") you may read the following:

"NOTE IX.—ST. PETER'S CHAIR AT ROME.

"Lady Morgan has given great offence to the Romanists, and not without cause, as I admit, by a passage in her 'Italy,' respecting the genuineness of this far-famed relic of the Vatican church. The matter and the manner of the attack are certainly far from admirable, and, as it is dogmatical, flippant, false, and wholly seems to me, are barren of all courtesy—uncalled for. The short narrative given by her is, in substance, that the French, during their occupation of the holy city, forcibly removed the magnificent bronze casement that for some centuries has enshrined from the public gaze the venerable chair, brought it from darkness and cobwebs into full light, and then made the important discovery that it bore a nearly obliterated Arabic inscription, containing the well-known Mahometan confession of faith—**'There is but one God, and Mahomet is His prophet!'**—and, moreover, that this chair came to the church among the spoils of the crusaders, when the times were too ignorant to decipher the inscription."

Mr. Hoffman roundly scored Lady Morgan for her irreverent skepticism, and employed the very best arguments in support of the genuineness of the Most Holy Relic. He says:

"The chair in question may not be the veritable chair on which St. Peter reposed (he means "sat"), *but this has never been disproved!*"

"It may never have been within the walls of Senator Puden's house, nor have been presented by him to the saint, but it is still, in every respect, *just such a chair as might have been in Rome at that time*, and most worthy of being thus presented to the distinguished apostle, *if he were there to receive it*, at the hands of his *alleged* host and proselyte."

Whether this reproof administered to the scoffing Irish woman, Lady Morgan, was greatly relished by "the Romanists" to whom she had "given great offense," history does not tell us; but it seems to me that Hoffman left the case in somewhat worse plight than he found it.

A Most Holy Chair which can not be proved to be bogus; and which *might* have been in Rome at the time Peter was there—*if* Peter was ever there—and which *might* have been given to Peter, had he been the guest of Senator Pudens—provided the *alleged* Senator ever lived—is a chair that is left very much up in the air.

Between the "ifs" and "might-have-beens" of Hoffman, and the downright exposure by Lady Morgan, the offended Romanists could not have had much preference.

Yet this absurd old fable about a mythical Roman Senator, a fabled twenty-five-year papacy of Peter, and the ridiculous tradition of the gift of a chair, was one of the "facts" upon which the womanish old saphead bookworm, Cardinal Newman, pinned his faith. He wrote—

"At Rome, there is the true cross, the crib of Bethlehem, *and the chair of St. Peter;* the holy coat is shown at Treves; the winding sheet, at Turin; at Manza, the iron crown is formed out of a nail of the cross; and another nail is claimed for the Duomo, at Milan, and pieces of our Lady's habit are to be seen at the Escurial."

Cardinal Newman should have extended his catalogue of authenticated relics, and given us a fuller view of the papal store. Why did he omit the bottles of the Virgin Mary's milk, which were so plentiful in the times of Erasmus and John Calvin? Why did he omit the vial filled with the breath of St. Joseph, which an angel caught

while Mary's husband was cutting wood?

What has become of the "bits" of the bodies of eleven of the children slain by Herod?

Will a perishing world never again be permitted to bow down in reverence to that Most Venerable Relic, the tail of the ass which Christ rode into Jerusalem?

John Calvin wrote:

> There is no town, however small, which has not some morsel of the cross; and this is not only in the principal cathedral church of the district, but also in parish churches. There is scarcely an abbey so poor as not to have a specimen. In some places large fragments exist, as at Paris, Poictiers and Rome. If all the pieces which could be found were collected into a heap they would form a good shipload, though the Gospel testifies that a single individual was able to carry the real cross. What effrontery, then, thus to fill the whole world with fragments which it would take more than three hundred men to carry? In regard to the crown of thorns, it would seem that its twigs had been planted that they might grow again; otherwise I know not how it could have attained such a size. I would never come to an end were I to go, one by one, over all the absurd articles they have drawn into this service. At Rome is shown the reed which was put into our Savior's hands as a scepter; the sponge which was offered to him containing vinegar mixed with gall. How, I ask, were these things recovered? Did they give them to the apostles, that they might preserve them for relics, or did they themselves lock them up, that they might preserve them for some future period? What blasphemy to abuse the name of Christ by employing it as a cloak for such driveling fables!

In the 61st chapter of his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," Gibbon describes, with quiet, almost imperceptible scorn, the manner in which the needy, cunning and unscrupulous Latin Emperors of Constantinople played upon and capitalized the ignorant superstitions of the Roman Catholic West.

The market value of the true cross had declined, because the supply was so apparently inexhaustible. Crosses were as plentiful as rich buyers; and to increase the commerce, bits of the wood came into the traffic, leaving the whole crosses whole. This of course was "miraculous increase."

When the imperial treasury was at its lowest, "another relic of the Passion" was found, where it had lain—no one knew how long—in the chapel at Constantinople.

The sum of $32,000 in gold was borrowed on this newly-found relic, *the crown of thorns*. The borrowers could not repay, and so the relic went to Venice, from which it was redeemed by the King of France. This devout monarch not only paid the debt for which the Crown of Thorns was pledged, but gave the Emperor Baldwin (of Constantinople) $100,000 besides—the two sums being equal to nearly a million dollars of the money of today.

Gibbon ironically adds—

"The success of this transaction tempted the Latin Emperor to offer, with the same generosity, the remaining furniture of his chapel; a large, authentic *portion* of the true cross, *the baby linen* of the Son of God, *the lance*, *the sponge*, *and the chain*, of his Passion; *the rod of Moses*, and a part of *the skull of St. John the Baptist*."

The same credulous French King, Saint Louis, who had gone barefooted, *and in his shirt-tail*, to meet the Crown of Thorns, on its way through Paris, paid the rascally Baldwin 20,000 marks for the lance, the sponge, the chain, the skull, and the baby cloth. No wonder Saint Louis' first wife got tired of him, and married *a man*, Henry Plantagenet, afterwards Henry II. of England.

Cardinal Newman would have made an ideal Saint Louis; and that French imbecile would have made an ideal Cardinal Newman. However, the Frenchman tried matrimony twice, while Newman was never virile enough to try it, once. But the minds of these

two men singularly came together in a common superstition which staggers reason: the king bought the faked relics and went barefooted and barelegged to meet them, while Newman accepted them as genuine and allowed them to influence his opinions on the most important of all subjects.

I am surprised that the poor old mental Granny, John Henry Newman, did not mention one of the most modern of all the miracles worked by the priests.

The story is told in Volume I., page 225, of Frederick Von Raumer's "History of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries."

When Portugal revolted from Spain, the people wished to set up a republic, but "this plan was frustrated by the Archbishop of Lisbon," who told them they must call the Duke of Braganza to the throne. "And so it fell out. He was called to the throne, a solemn procession was ordered by the Archbishop, at which a manifest miracle took place.

While he was preaching to the people, he prayed that a crucifix which he held in his hand, might *give a sign*, if it approved the election of Braganza to the throne.

The image of our Lord extricated its right hand from the nail, and gave with it the sign required."

Raumer adds, "Not to mention other miracles which took place."

Indeed, it was useless to mention the other miracles.

After Christ pulled his right hand loose from the nail, and waved it for the Duke of Braganza, the other miracles were negligible, if not irreverently impertinent.

When Napoleon Bonaparte issued his famous declaration, "The House of Braganza has ceased to reign," the whole royal family packed off to Brazil; and if they had preserved that most miraculous crucifix, history fails to mention it. But so confirmed an old book-worm as Cardinal Newman must have known how the House of Braganza owed its 150 years of royal power to "a manifest miracle," and it is a mystery why he did not mention it, as a crowning achievement of the marble images.

A man who carries a button-wood in his breeches-pocket to ward off hemorrhoids, and the man who totes a rabbit-foot for good luck, are eminently qualified by nature to become saints and cardinals, in the Roman Catholic Church.

The famous Baptist preacher, Charles H. Spurgeon, in reviewing a book on "The Religion of Rome," written by an enlightened Roman Catholic in Italy, wrote thus in the *Sword and Trowel*:

"The system of confession to priests is the sum of all villanies. . . . We have seen with our own eyes that which would make the blood of any decent man boil within him. In the confessional boxes, in Germany and Italy, anybody may see for himself, exhibited in the compartment allotted to the priest, a list of the sins concerning which the confessor is to enquire. **These include crimes which we will not pollute our paper by mentioning;** he must be a hardened profligate who would dare allude to them in the presence of a young girl. Not in the pages of a folio reserved for studious eyes, did we read the degrading memoranda of which we speak, **but in the confessional itself, where every passerby may see them if they will.** True, the document is in Latin; but unfortunately, such words as **abortio, sodomia,** and the like, need no translation. But we dare not trust our hand to write more—the superstition of Rome **is the worst of all the evils which have befallen our race;** may the Lord arise and sweep it down to the hell from whence it arose."

On the same subject, Lord Shaftesbury, of England, said, alluding to the Moral Theology of Peter Dens, the Romanist theologian.

"Why, this book examines and regulates every possible intercourse of married life, with an accuracy which is

perfectly inconceivable, and as horrible as is is inconceivable..... Mark this, give the whole extent of meaning that you can to the word possible.... **It revels with a hideous bestiality over details which I could not name, not merely here, but in a more contracted society.** 'Hideous bestiality' is a very weak term—for the detail extends to almost a thousand things, to almost every sin that can be committed through the most perverted and the most horrible conception and practice—a state of things which brought down from heaven the eternal vengeance of which you read in the most awful pages of Holy Writ."

I quoted some of the same vile stuff from Saint Alfonsus Liguori, leaving the language in a dead tongue, Latin.

The Knights of Columbus were so appalled at the prospect of its becoming known what the questions are which the priests put to Romanist wives and daughters, that they had me arrested for sending obscene and filthy literature through the mails.

The obscenity and filth is that of Roman Catholic theology; and it is that filth which priests in America are pouring, *in secret*, into the ears of Catholic wives, sisters and daughters.

Instead of prosecuting me for *telling*, the respectable Catholic husbands and fathers should prosecute the priests for *doing*.

My purpose was, to warn and to save: the priest's purpose is, to pollute and enslave.

No possible conception of Christianity justifies *the cess-pool confessional*, and the *sewerage of questions* by which the bachelor priests degrade Catholic women, and keep them in priestly power.

If the Romanists who are boycotting me, prosecuting me, and threatening my life, do it for the sake of morality, why are they unwilling to be told of the immorality of the priests, and of the degrading tendency of the "Moral Theology" of such monsters of vicious teaching as Dens and Liguori?

Charles Spurgeon was not a fanatic, nor was Lord Shaftesbury a bigot, but they both denounced the cess-pool confessional, as vehemently as I have ever done.

When Monsignor Capel, Cardinal Newman, Father Vaughan, and the others introduced into England an "adaptation of one of the Romanist books on auricular confession"—as Capel admitted in the *Times*—a great deal of indignation was expressed, even in the House of Lords. The Archbishop of Canterbury said, in the course of a parliamentary discussion:

"The fact that such a book should be printed and circulated, is to my mind a matter of great concern. The noble Earl spared us from many details; but, at the same time, he read quite enough to show that no modest person could read the book without regret, and that it is a disgrace to the community that such a work should be circulated under the authority of **clergymen of the Established Church.**"

"I can not imagine," he said, later on in the same speech, "that any right-minded man could wish to have such questions addressed to any member of his family; and if he had any reason to suppose that any member of his family had been exposed to such an examination, I am sure it would be the duty of any father of a family to remonstrate with the clergyman who had put the questions and warn him never to approach his house again."

Was it a crime for the Archbishop of Canterbury to make use of his position as a member of the British Parliament, to sound a note of warning against this menace to morals?

Was it a crime for me to use the only medium of publicity at my command, to do for *my* country what the Archbishop did for his?

Isn't it a crying shame that this Government should, for three years, prostitute its powers, in the vindictive prosecution of a man who has done no more against Rome than ten thousands of other true men have done?

Has Catholic Spain ever repealed her reform laws, which put the papal

houses under State control, and *inspection?*

Those laws were as follows:

First. No religious order shall be established without the authorization of Parliament.

Second. The State shall accord support to any member of a religious order desiring to renounce the vows taken.

Third. The Minister of Justice is empowered to withdraw the authorization of any religious order found to be inimical to morality or public tranquility.

Fourth. The Cabinet shall forthwith examine the authorizations previously granted to religious orders, and cancel those which are illegal.

Fifth. Religious orders whose members are foreigners or whose directors reside abroad shall be dissolved. The authorities are empowered to enter monasteries without ecclesiastical sanction.

Sixth. Religious orders shall not be allowed to hold property in excess of the objects for which they were instituted.

Seventh. The sums of money donated by members of religious orders to such institutions in their admission and the sums derived by orders from charitable subscriptions shall be strictly limited.

Eighth. All legacies to religious orders or donations to orders by living persons, or by testaments or through intermediaries, are formally prohibited.

Ninth. Religious orders engaging in trade or industry shall pay the regular taxes.

Tenth. Regulations for the dissolution of religious orders will be established.

Eleventh. The law of 1887 concerning the registering of religious orders remains in force.

Do you happen to need any "Convent hair" in your business?

FIRST CUT CONVENT HAIR.

In Switches.

We actually save one-half for those of our customers who insist on this, the rarest quality hair that can be obtained.. We do not, however, claim that these switches are so vastly superior to our Triple Refined Quality, considering the vast difference in cost. These switches are made in our sunlight factory by the most skillful workmen. They are highest grade in every respect. In comparing our prices, bear in mind that these switches are of strictly pure first quality French hair. Our sizes are extra full. We match all the usual shades at these low prices. Be sure to send a good, long, freshly cut sample of your hair with your order.

No. 18v4377.

Weight.	Length.	Price.
1 ounce	18 inches	$ 2.98
1¼ ounces	20 inches	3.78
1¾ ounces	22 inches	5.98
2 ounces	24 inches	8.90
2¼ ounces	26 inches	12.80
2½ ounces	28 inches	16.75
3 ounces	30 inches	19.90

What appears immediately above these lines is a fac-simile reproduction from page 106, of Sears, Roebuck & Co.'s current catalogue. The reader will note that "first cut convent hair" is "the rarest quality hair that can be obtained." We are not told where it is obtained, but the reasonable inference is that it comes from convents.

We have read somewhere in a heretical book, written by a bigot, that when young women enter convents to become "brides of Christ" they are shorn of their tresses; and, so far as known, the story has never been denied. What becomes of the young women, so parted from the crown of their womanhood, is a mystery concerning which the free denizens of the outer world seem to be utterly indifferent. They have gone into the dungeons of Rome, behind the barred windows and locked doors, which even the law of the land can not penetrate; and none can follow but Rome's agents who carry the keys.

But with their hair, it is different. That ornament of their free life becomes an article of commerce, to be catalogued, ticketed, priced and hawked about on the open market like fox pelts or the pigtails of convict Chinamen. Pious papist parents would not sell the bodies of their beloved offspring; but give them to the convent keeper, who sells what is not wanted and keeps the rest.—The Menace.

As to Foreign Missions, let me say that the latest sensation is, a 5,000-word cablegram, from our heroic, self-denying Pauls and Timothys, to our State Department in Washington. The message is said to have cost $2,000. The purpose of it was, to insist that our

Government remonstrate with Japan concerning her proposal to send Japanese Buddhist missionaries to China. Our heroic, self-denying Pauls and Timothys do not wish to see Buddhist missionaries enter China, and are willing to involve our Government with Japan on a matter in which Japan is naturally sensitive. She believes in her religion, just as we do in ours; and the Buddhist religion has always been a missionary faith, just as ours has been. Have we any right to object to Japan's sending foreign missionaries to China? Hasn't Japan as much right to object to our missionaries as we have to hers?

The painful surprise caused by the long and expensive cablegram is twofold: first, it proves that the missionaries in China are ready to stir up a *second* war; and, secondly, it proves the failure of missionary work, both in Japan and China. Japan is so wedded to her old faith that she wants to extend it, and our missionaries are so afraid of Buddhist competition in China, that they beg our Government to save them from it.

The other day, I got a letter from Alabama—a State which has a papal holiday named after the man who brought slavery into the New World. Alabama is also a hot State in favor of Foreign Missions. The letter was from a man thirty years old, and he asked me if it is too late for him to become a lawyer. He said that he had never had any schooling, except a limited course in the local schools, which carried him to the fourth grade. He felt keenly the handicap of incomplete education.

What church was that ambitious young man attending, *fifteen years ago?* How many missionary sermons did he hear in that church, and how many collections did he see taken up, for the education of boys and girls in China, Japan, and India? How much money did his own parents, uncles, aunts, cousins, etc., give toward the support of magnificent schools and colleges in those foreign countries?

Look at the picture of the majestic school which we maintain for Chinese children at Shanghai. It is numbered, No. 1, and is taken from the latest issue of a missionary magazine. While you contemplate this imposing college which Alabama helped to build, equip and maintain, for the children of

(Cut No. 1)

M'TYEIRE SCHOOL, SHANGHAI, CHINA.

China, read this letter, from one of Alabama's own citizens.

Ala., May 10th, 1915.

Sir:

I hope you will pardon the liberty I take in thus addressing you personally. I wish to ask your advice on a matter on which I believe you are the best posted man in America, it is this, is there any

chance, in your opinon, for a man thirty years old to gain enough knowledge of the Law to enable him to pass the examination of my State, or any other State for that matter, by the correspondance method, I have no education except practical training, having had no chance to go to school since I was a little boy, and then I only attained the fourth grade. I feel that I am the euqual of most any boy in the matter of education, who has had as little chance as I had. I am a lover of good books, and consider myself a good reader, though on other things I am sadly short, in saying what I do in regard to my reading, I only mean that I am quick and can usualy understand what I read.

Doesn't a letter of that sort, give you a pang? Is there anything that so clearly proves the unnatural waste of money on these foreign schools?

We are keenly alive to the neglect of our natural resources, our forests, our power-sites, our minerals and marbles: have we any treasures more valuable than the minds of our boys and girls? Are we not guilty of shameful neglect, when our churches educate the Koreans, Chinese, Japs, and Hindoos, to the neglect of our own children?

In Korea, there is a splendid literary and industrial institute, *named for South Georgia*, and maintained, I presume, by South Georgia money. I venture to say that South Georgia herself

(Cut No. 3)
NEW KOREAN DORMITORY. SEOUL, KOREA.

does not support for the free use of her own boys and girls, an institute so complete, and so magnificent, as this Literary and Industrial Institute at Seoul.

What verse in the Bible commands us to build and support *literary and industrial* schools for the heathen?

Another picture (cut No. 3), shows

(Cut No. 2)
SOUTH GEORGIA LITERARY & INDUSTRIAL INSTITUTE, SEOUL, KOREA.

you a new dormitory to this South Georgia College, in Korea; so, you see, we furnish sleeping quarters, also, for the dearly beloved heathens.

Another picture (cut No. 4), gives you a view of the elegant homes which the Boards furnish to the missionary ladies.

(Cut No. 4)

LADY MISSIONARY'S MANSION, CHINA.

In another illustration (cut No. 5), you see the missionary ladies enjoying themselves, reposefully, in their mansion, while elegantly-dressed servants attend the elegantly-dressed ladies.

If these ladies marry the gentlemen missionaries, *they* not only double up, but the salaries do, likewise. The gentleman continues to draw his salary of $600, and his wife continues to draw *her* salary of $600; and to these main channels of regular income, little tributaries come flowing in, as little babies are born. Each infant draws a yearly salary of one hundred dollars until it is ten years old: or—what is the same thing—its parents draw the $100 a year, extra, for the ten years, making $1,000 extra for each child up to ten years. After the age of ten, the child draws a salary of $150, a year. Or—what is the same thing—its parents draw $150 for it. At the age of eighteen, the child ceases to be a nice little rivulet of annual revenue; but, by that time the little rivulet has poured the sum of $2,200 into the family channel.

If the missionary's wife is blessed with four or five of these little rivulets, then the sum of $2,200 must be multiplied by the number of the little rills and rivulets.

Let us put the average number of these missionary rills at *four*: that would be ten thousand dollars bonus given to the happy parents, over and above the twenty-one thousand and six hundred dollars ($21,600) paid to themselves, by the generous Boards, during those eighteen years.

Add the two sums, and you have the beautiful sum of thirty-one thousand and six hundred dollars ($31,600) drawn by these heroic, self-denying Pauls and Timothys, who are laboring in the Lord's Chinese vineyard.

In addition to the $31,600 of salary, these consecrated toilers are given a sumptuous mansion to live in, free of rent, during the whole eighteen years! In addition to this, they have a mountain retreat and a three-months' vacation every year—during which vacation they draw full pay for themselves and their children. Thus the main channels never lose any water when they go up hill; and little rivulets are just as full when they run up the mountains, as when they run back down into the cities below.

Dr. William H. Smith, President of the Southern Baptist Board of Foreign Missions, defends this amazing feature of modern missionary methods, by saying that the education of the missionary children is very expensive.

Apparently, it is. Besides, it has to begin early. As soon as the missionary babe gets the nipple in its mouth, its educational allowance starts. The baby draws from its mother's breast, and the proud father draws from the Board. The fact that the mother is physically unable to do missionary work and raise children, too, has no unfavorable influence on her salary. While she is unable to present herself abroad, and while she is lying in, and while she is nurs-

ing a helpless baby, often sick, perhaps the Board assumes that she is toiling in the Lord's vineyard, and the Board pays her full wages.

The baby gets her time, having the right to it, but the heathen is supposed to get it; and she is paid, accordingly.

The child's education cannot begin for several years, but the Board, in its wisdom, assumes that this expensive education begins before the child can walk and talk; and if the facts are against the Board, so much the worse for the facts. Missionary Boards are hermetically sealed and armor-plated against the admissin of any evidence to prove that they are in error on any earthly subject.

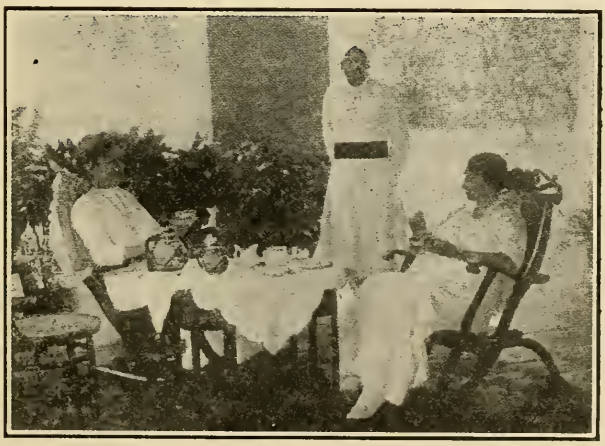
It would require a bolt of lightning to prostrate the opinion of one of these Czars of the Board.

The home preacher's wife draws no salary. The home preacher's children draw no allowance. The home preacher's vacation is not a luxurious three-months' affair, at a mountin home, on full salary.

The home church has no hospital attached to it. The home church is not supporting thousands of expensive literary and industrial schools for the free education of our young people. The home churches are not employing surgeons, doctors, dentists, industrial experts, trained nurses, etc., to hunt out the poor, the sick, the friendless, and to make Christianity an Angel of Mercy to the widow, the orphan, the destitute, the illiterate, the forsaken.

Lazarus, and the children of many a Lazarus, are all about us, pleading for work, begging for schools, crying bitterly because they are naked and hungry. Tney freeze in the wintry cold; they starve in the reeking tenements; they slave away their little lives in the mills and sweat shops; and thousands of Mary Phagans, less than fourteen years of age, are pursued by thousands of Leo Franks; and in the greater number of cases, no wail is heard, as another star falls from the sky.

The reminiscences of this Administration cannot be comfortable to Professor Woodrow Wilson, Rev. W. J. Bryan, Aunt Josephine Daniels, and the overworked Democratic editors, whose partisan duty it is to defend *our* President, and who would dutifully commence crowing for day, if Professor Wilson should, at high noon, say it was between midnight and morning.



(Cut No. 5)

TEA-TIME IN LADY MISSIONARY'S PALACE.

The reminiscences would necessarily begin at the beginning, when *Candidate* Wilson turned his lengthy face and narrow front to a hopeful electorate, and said, with a slight nasal twang:

"*Our* platform is not molasses to catch flies. It means business." (Cheers!) "It means what it says." (Wild applause.) "It is the utterance of earnest, and honest men, who intend to do business along those lines, and who are not waiting to see whether they can catch votes with those promises before they determine whether they are going to act upon them or not." (Prolonged cheering.)

This noble outburst of almost reckless political courage and virtue, evidently derived its inspiration from the last plank of the Baltimore platform of 1912, which reads:

"Our pledges are made to be kept when in office, as well as relied upon during the campaign."

Our reminiscences seem to remind us that among "our pledges" which "are not molasses to catch flies," were a most emphatic declaration against governmental extravagance, the creation of new offices, the increase of salaries, etc.

To prove that "our pledges" on this subject were not meant to be molasses fly-catchers, we have only to note the fact that the Wilson administration has raised more salaries, created more new offices, and squandered one hundred and sixteen million dollars, *in excess* of the most riotously profligate year of Taft, Roosevelt, or McKinley.

We must, likewise, remember that, whereas the Republican administration of Harrison paid off $150,000,000 of the public debt, and refunded the 4 per cent bonds at 2 per cent, Woodrow Wilson and his son-in-law have refunded the 2 per cent bonds at 3 per cent.

The amount of the bonds having been $700,000,000, and the term of renewal twenty years, the donation made by Wilson and McAdoo to the untaxed millionaires who owned the bonds, was $7,000,000 a year, or $140,000,000 in all.

Perhaps, the Democratic orators who will face the voters next year, will be able to explain this peculiar illustration of the manner in which "our pledges" have been kept by the "honest and earnest men" of whom *Candidate* Wilson spoke so flatteringly.

Our reminiscences must also embrace the fact, that this administration supplied the Wall Street speculators with $400,000,000 of new Aldrich-Vreeland money to buy 6-cent cotton with; and that the Democrats lowered the Republican rate of interest from 5 per cent to 3 per cent, thus donating to the National banker 2 per cent interest on $400,000,000.

Not only that, the "honest and earnest men" who made "our pledges"—and who caught the flies, without intending to do so—created a new system of national banks, in which the bankers pay no interest at all on the new money which the Government creates for them; and, besides, gives them the Government's deposits without interest, whereas, before these "earnest and honest" pledge-keepers caught the flies, the bankers who held the deposits, paid 2 per cent for them.

As the deposits are *always* in excess of $50,000,000, this release of interest is another generous gift to the money-kings who pay no taxes, *and in whose favor the Government has ABDICATED THE THRONE OF FINANCE.*

Our reminiscences must also include the new taxes which our drastic economy had made necessary; our license to the railroads and express companies to return to the good old times of charging "all that the traffic will bear;" our gift of a railroad to the Guggenheims and Morgans and Rockefellers who are marauding Alaska; and our complete surrender of our Trusteeship

of San Domingo to the rapacious Sullivans and other Roman Catholic freebooters of the New York Tammany machine.

Nor must we forget how we treated those pathetically loyal Democratic merchants, farmers and work-people of the South—an imperial section which gets no consideration from a Republican administration, *because* the Republicans cannot hope to win it, and none from a Democratic administration, *because* the Democrats do not fear to lose it.

The same Government which *loaned the new money to the speculators*, to buy the cotton at $30 a bale, when the coldly cruel refusal of Wilson and his son-in-law to *lend money to farmers*, to hold the cotton with, *FORCED THE FARMER TO SELL*, at less than the cost of production, took the people's money and insured that same cotton at $70 a bale.

If the ship was lost at sea, the Government *paid seventy dollars* for the bale of cotton which it had compelled the farmer to sell at thirty. If the vessel was not lost at sea, the speculator sold the cotton in Europe for the seventy dollars, *or more.*

Thus the "earnest and honest men" of whom *Candidate* Wilson was the virtuous mouthpiece, kept "our pledges" to *Democratic* voters, by financing *Republican bankers and gamblers*, in the most colossal robbery that any great national industry ever suffered in one year.

No doubt the Democratic orators and editors will offer satisfactory explanations, next year, and the "earnest and honest men" will again be enabled to delude the pathetically loyal, *and helpless* South.

That part of our reminiscences which is aptest to live in history, is our brilliant discovery of two different Codes of International Law.

It was left to the "earnest and honest men," to make this discovery; and they applied one of the codes to Mexico and the other to Germany.

Incidentally, Mexico is powerless to resist the "earnest and honest men" who have control of our Government. With Germany, it is different: hence, the "earnest and honest men" were stimulated to find an entirely new Law of Nations to fit her case.

It would seem, that they discover by piecemeal the contents of this new code, and they sort of make it up as they go along, and as Germany renders it necessary for them to invent new ways of keeping out of a fight.

Bless your eyes! didn't we roar like a war-god, when Mexico temporarily detained those roystering young tars whom Admiral Mayo had allowed to go ashore for a good time, in Tampico?

Mayo says those young Americans went ashore to get some oil. Of course: young Americans are noted for that. So are sailors, generally, when they go ashore after a cruise.

But Mayo got on the highest possible horse, and refused to be comforted by prompt apologies, releases, etc.; and, to the utter amazement of sober mankind, the orangeade and grape-juice, and peace-dove Miss Nancys, at Washington, backed up the implacable Mayo, *and we hastily went to fighting a weak country that we knew we could whip.*

Thus we exhibited our conduct under one Code of International Law. Let us see what sort of exhibition we made under the other.

Germany attacks our American vessel, the "William Frye," and sinks her. Do we hear any clamor against Germany?

Not from Admiral Mayo, not from Professor Wilson, not from Aunt Josephine Daniels.

On the contrary, when the German war-vessel which had sunk the Frye is forced to slink into our harbor, and beg for shelter—the British cruisers

being hot in her wake—we not only extend the most ready welcome to this German pirate, but we make her officers *the guests* of honor at our official naval functions!

When our latest battleship is launched at Norfolk, Secretary Daniels invites the German officers of the pirate to be present in the reviewing stand, as the distinguished guests of the American Government!

After *that*, can you wonder that Germany became convinced that we wouldn't fight? Do you wonder that Germany went right on with her brutal, lawless sea-roving, and sunk the Gulflight, when that merchant vessel of ours was flying a large U. S. flag?

Three Americans lost their lives by that infernal act of piracy, and still our Government took no action. Instead, it allowed the German Ambassador to turn his back, ostentatiously and contemptuously, upon the President, and to address himself insolently to the American people.

For similar conduct, George Washington, during the infancy and weakness of this Republic, *forced the royal government of France to dismiss Ambassador Genet.*

Although Mr. Jefferson was Secretary of State, and in full sympathy with Genet politically, he could not endorse his conduct in appealing from the President to the people.

Not only did the German Ambassador overlook this incident in our history, but Wilson and Bryan ignored it, also.

It will be remembered that, soon after Ambassador Bernstorff had insulted the President, by making his appeal from the Government to the people, President Wilson spoke at a banquet in Washington, and used the following undignified language—

"*If anybody is looking for a fight with me, he can get a fight to the finish.*"

At that time, apparently, the Princeton Professor had not learned that there was such a thing as being too proud to fight, and too right to fight. Consequently, were he now to speak at another banquet, he would perhaps put it this way—

"If any man is looking for a fight with me, he is wasting his time: I am too proud to fight; and if he wants to knock me down, and pour sand in my ears, I am too proudly right to offer any uncouth resistance."

How can you doubt that the academic meekness displayed by our Government, in the *Frye* episode, in the *Gulflight* tragedy, and in the toleration of Bernstorff's insufferable insolence, filled the German militarists with profound contempt?

How can you doubt that, if Wilson had promptly declared the German pirate, *a pirate*, and had thrown her officers into prison at Norfolk; and had then given his passports to the German Ambassador, *imediately* after his public affront to the President, *the Lusitania would have made port in perfect security?*

Nations are like individuals: they impose on the weaklings who won't fight.

By his spineless policy, President Wilson has given encouragement to the treasonable appeals of Dr. Dernburg, the veiled threats of Bernstorff, and the maniacal ferocity of the German autocrat.

A firm tone, *at first*, would have saved the Gulflight, and the Lusitania; and would have made safe the ocean route of every neutral.

In his latest literary effusion, President Wilson has merely opened the way to more academic discussion, ink-slinging, and paper war.

He needlessly asked the Kaiser for a promise to be good. He needlessly weakened his own essay by stating his belief in the innocence of the war-lord, affording him an opening which he will—and should—treat with the scorn

it deserves. President Wilson invites Kaiser William to disown the sailors who are risking their lives on his submarines, and to put upon them the whole blame for the Lusitania horror.

Cordially as I detest the Kaiser and his system, I can not believe him so pusillanimous as our President seems to think he is. If he avails himself of Wilson's suggestion, and disowns his own heroic raiders, he will reap the unmitigated contempt of all generous souls.

Our Government has blundered long enough: it has done entirely too much phrase-making and essay-writing.

The time has come when it should act; and that action should take three distinct and energetic phases.

(1.) It should order Dr. Dernburg out of the country, as an undesirable alien; and, if he doesn't go voluntarily, he should be summarily kicked out;

(2.) The recall of Ambassador Bernstorff should be demanded; and if the demand is not complied with, he should be given his passports, and ordered to leave;

(3.) Our Navy should patrol the ocean-route of neutral vessels, in the common interest of this neutral country, and of all others; and it should have orders to drive off any German, Austrian or Turkish vessel that waylays this neutral trade.

President Wilson should not make any more silly speeches about being "too proud to fight," and "too right to fight."

That sort of drivel is not only senseless, but, at such a time as this, it is sheer madness.

General Washington, John Hampden, and Sir William Wallace were probably as "proud," and as "right," as Woodrow Wilson will ever be, but *they* were not too proud and too right to fight.

Neither were Generals Grant and Lee too proud and too right to fight. They were both very proud, and both very sure they were right; but they had to fight a good deal, to find out which one *was* right.

Honestly, this academic person, Woodrow Wilson, seems to me to be the most dangerous President we could have at such a crisis.

Had George Washington been at the White House, on that Saturday morning when all the facts about the Lusitania tragedy had come in, I can not believe he would have gone off with Dr. Granger, *and spent several hours playing golf.*

The Father of his Country dearly loved a pack of hounds, and a fox-chase; but I can't remember his deserting his post of duty, either in the war, or during the troublous times of his presidency, to enjoy himself fox-hunting.

If Roosevelt had been President, the *Frye* would still be carrying wheat; the *Gulflight*, oil; and the *Lusitania*, peaceable passengers.

Heads of governments who, *in times of actual world-war*, prate about being too proud to fight, and too right to fight, are something new under the sun; and if they are misunderstood, they have no right to complain.

I am awfully glad that the Barons of Runnymede were not too proud and too right to fight.

THE LIBERTY BELL.

Far away! but we can hear it,
For our fancies bring us near it!
Do we love it? Do we fear it?
Dare we tell?

For those sound-waves, still in motion,
Flung from ocean on to ocean,
Like a prophet raptly crying,
Claim an answer past denying,
"Is mine ancient worship dying?"
Saith the bell!

Do you love it, and revere it?
Hold your hearts and try to hear it!
Lift your honest hands and swear it
True and well,

GEN. ROBT. E. LEE WAS NOT "TOO PROUD TO FIGHT."

That the faith your Fathers cherished,
And for which they fought and perished,
Shall pervade this favored Nation
Till the latest generation
Echoes back the jubilation
Of the bell!

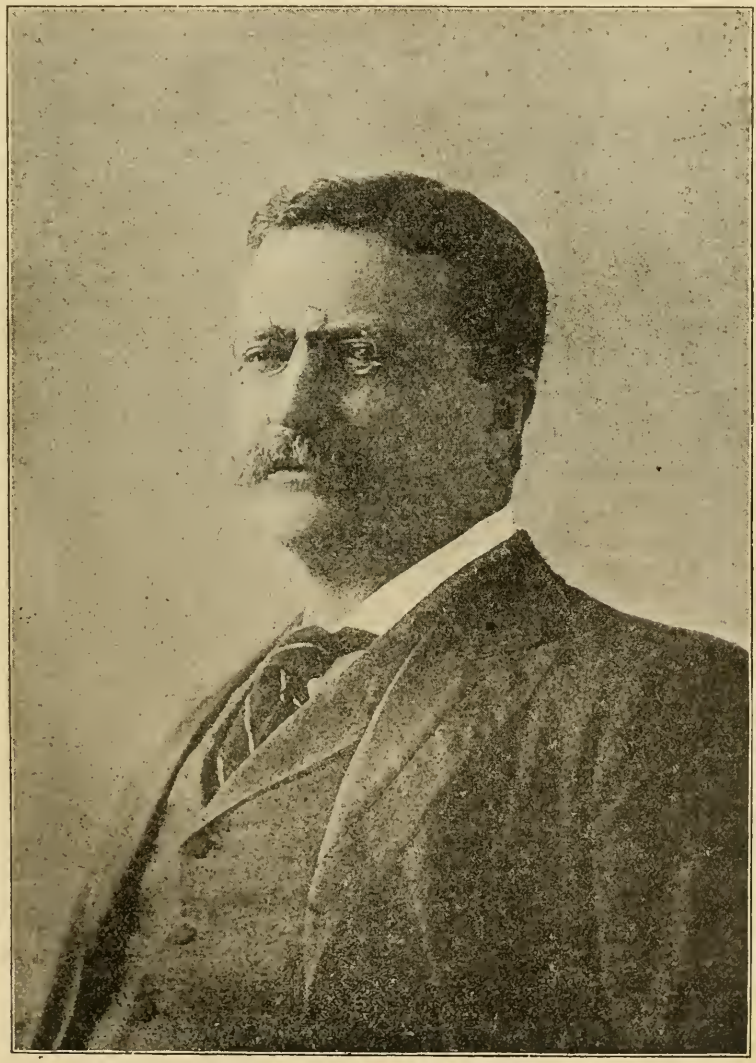
HOWARD S. TAYLOR.

From the New York Times, Monday, March 22, 1915:

The Rev. T. J. Shealy, S. J., a professor of the Fordham Law School, and director of the Catholic laymen's retreat, on Staten Island, declared at the solemn high mass at St. Patrick's Cathedral, yesterday, that Roman Catholics were being robbed by a despotic Government when taxed for the maintenance of public schools from which the doctrines of God were excluded, compelling them to build schools of their own. He asserted that in many instances Catholic politicians were responsible for the existence of this state of affairs.

The address of Father Shealy was delivered in the presence of Cardinal Farley and a congregation of more than 5,000 persons.

"The Catholic church demands that we be not robbed for a system of education that we cannot accept," he said. "We Catholics demand equal rights with all



THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

men, but we will never regard any such system of governmental education as an observance of these rights. If you give up to secularists the power of teaching your children, you give them the reins of government. We shall never endure tyranny, even though it comes from a ballot box, as the despotism of the ballot box is not the government we fought for. We have serious problems in this State, but chief among them is that of our system of government jurisdiction of our schools. Let us have public schools, but let them be free. Let the conscience of the honest Protestant, the honest Lutheran and the honest Catholic, be respected. Is conscience alone to be disregarded? Why do they make us pay for something we cannot use? I deny the right of the Government to tell me what education is good enough for me. They would not dare to tell me what shoes or hat or clothing to wear. They tell us that they will not have our religion forced on them, but I reply that we will not stand for having their religion forced on us. They have a religion, as sectarianism is a religion—the most bigoted, the most despotic of any. The first requisite in our schools today is not to deny God and Christianity. But the Government says: 'Leave God at home and in the church.' An inferior system of education, that which voices the deceits of every exploiter, will never hold in the United States, as it leads to a despotism great and bloody. They tell us that they want an American system of education. So do we. But is it American to be Godless? To be Christless? If it is American to exclude religion from the classroom, then the founders of the country, the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and the Congress of the United States are un-American. If the Catholic principle be un-American, then the very corner-stone of the republic has long ago been torn from its foundation. If I were asked what is the greatest institution of American learning, I would point to the Catholic schools, for there are taught Godliness and cleanliness as well as pedagogy. In many instances our cowardly Catholic politicians are responsible for the continuance of a system of excluding religion from the school. And there is no coward so mean as the political Catholic coward, who, ratlike, burrows in the light of day, looking out for himself, unthinking of others."

This insolent priest, Shealy, is a traitor at heart, and is the type that leads Romanists to set up Inquisitions, burn women and children, and penalize liberty of thought. Whenever any church declares that it must have a separate system of education, supported by the taxes collected by the State, then that church becomes an enemy to the written law of every modern government.

To exempt a church from taxation, is bad enough, for *the value of the exemption* amounts to an appropriation. But to take money out of the State treasury and give it to church schools, is a violation of the Constitution of the United States and of the various States of the Union.

Cardinal Farley, through his mouthpiece, Shealy, puts us on notice that the Romanists mean to make war on Americanism, and to take money out of the public treasury to support the pope's sectarian schools.

All right, Cardinal! Forewarned is forearmed! We Americans will see you, when you do it, *you insolent old traitor!*

Eugene Debs asks the Knights of Columbus a number or questions, which have not been answered. Among them are these:

1. Did Mark Hanna, E. H. Harriman, John D. Rockefeller, John Pierpont Morgan, Sr., Andrew Carnegie, August Belmont, James J. Hill and other Wall Street magnates and captains of industry, all Protestants, contribute financially in support of the Knights of Columbus, and to what extent?

2. By whom were the bulk of the funds furnished for the building of the palatial K. of C. club houses which sprang up spontaneously all over the United States?

3. How many millions of dollars is the Catholic Archbishop Ireland, boon companion of James J. Hill, the Protestant promoter, worth, and how did he acquire his great fortune?

4. What interest has Wall Street in building up and patronizing the Knights of Columbus?

5. How does it happen that every plu-

tocrat, every labor exploiter, every enemy of union labor, every grinder of the faces of the poor, every devourer of widows' houses, and every corrupt politician in the land is a friend of the Knights of Columbus, and a foe of the Socialist movement?

6. What interests have Protestant capitalists in the "religion" of Catholic wage slaves?

7. Who pays the salaries and expenses of the gentlemen who travel over the country under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus to defame Socialists and warn the faithful against the Socialist movement?

8. How does it happen that the great capitalist newspapers, owned by Protestants, are so extremely friendly to the Knights of Columbus that they give columns and columns of space to the attacks made by its speakers upon Socialists and Socialism, and laud them to the skies editorially, while at the same time they either ignore the great meetings held by Socialists or deliberately misquote and malign Socialist speakers?

9. Do you not think it strange (to you laborers) that the rich who live out of your labor, who look down upon you as the low, vulgar and ignorant herd; who never associate with you or have anything in common with you, are so painfully concerned about your "religion," your "morals," and your "spiritual salvation?"

10. Can you account for the Knights of Columbus receiving large contributions of funds from Protestant gentlemen who, according to the Catholic religion, are heretics and therefore doomed to damnation?

The Rev. P. A. Seguin, of Stevens Point, Wisconsin, declares that he took the following oath, upon entering the Roman priesthood; and that all other priests are required to take it:

"I, ————, now in the presence of Almighty God, the blessed Virgin Mary, the blessed Michael the Archangel, the blessed St. John the Baptist, the Holy Apostles, St. Peter and St. Paul, and the Saints and Sacred Hosts of Heaven, and to you, my Lord, I do declare from my heart, without mental reservation, *that the pope* is Christ's vicar-general, and is the true and only head of the universal church throughout the earth, and that by virtue of the keys of binding and loosing given his holiness by Jesus Christ, *he has power to dispose of heretical kings, princes, states, commonwealths, and governments, all being illegal without his sacred confirmation, AND THAT THEY MAY BE SAFELY DESTROYED.*

"Therefore, to the utmost of my power, I will defend this doctrine and his holiness' rights and customs, *against all usurpers of the Protestant authority whatsoever*, especially against the pretended authority and church of England, and all adherents in regard that they be usurper and heretical, opposing the Sacred Mother, the Church of Rome.

"*I do renounce and disown any allegiance as due to any Protestant king, prince or state, or obedience to any of their inferior officers.* I do further declare the doctrines of the church of England, of the Calvinists, Huguenots, *and other Protestants, to be damnable, and those to be damned who will not forsake the same.*

"I do further declare that I will help assist and advise all or any of his holiness' agents in any place wherever I shall be, *and to do my utmost TO EXTIRPATE THE PROTESTANT'S PRETENDED POWER, LEGAL OR OTHERWISE.*

"I do further promise and declare that, notwithstanding *I may be permitted by dispensation to assume any heretical religion (Protestant) for the propagation of mother church's interests, to keep secret and private all her agents' councils as they entrust me, and not to divulge, directly or indirectly, by word, but to execute all which*

shall be proposed, given into charge or discovered unto me by you, Most Reverend Lord and Bishop.

"All which, I, ————, do swear by the blessed Trinity and blessed Sacrament which I am about to receive, to perform, on my part to keep inviolable, and to call on all the Heavenly and Glorious Host of Heaven to witness my real intention to keep this my OATH.

"In testimony whereof, I take the most holy and blessed sacrament of the Eucharist, and witness the same in the presence of my holy bishop and all the priests who assist him in my ordination to the priesthood."

When you reflect, that the present administration has doubled the number of sworn subjects of a foreign potentate serving as chaplains to our Army and Navy; and that this administration has promoted the chaplain to be *an officer whom the private must obey*, you can realize what a stealthy peril is creeping into our military establishment.

These sworn subjects of Rome, and sworn enemies to Protestant governments, have been authorized by Secretaries Garrison and Daniels, to convene in National Convention, at the Panama Exposition, *for the first time.*

Their published purpose is, to introduce into the Army and Navy the pope's treasonable secret society, called The Knights of Columbus.

The following is substantially the oath which those traitors (the fourth degree) *take, and practise*:

(*Extracts—4th Degree.*)

"I, ————, now in the presence of Almighty God, the blessed Virgin Mary, the blessed St. John the Baptist, the holy apostles, St. Peter and St. Paul, and all the Saints, sacred host of Heaven, and to you, my Ghostly Father, the superior general of the society of Jesus, founded by St. Ignatius Loyola, in the pontification of Paul the III., and continued to the present, do by the womb of the Virgin, the matrix of God, and the rod of Jesus Christ, declare and swear, that his Holiness, *the Pope*, is Christ's vicegerent and is the true and only head of the Catholic or Universal Church throughout the earth; and that by virtue of the keys of binding and loosing given his holiness by my Savior, Jesus Christ, he *hath power to depose heretical kings, princes, States, commonwealths, and governments*, THAT THEY MAY BE SAFELY DESTROYED. Therefore, to the utmost of my power, I will defend this doctrine and his Holiness' right and custom against all usurpers of the heretical or Protestant authority whatever, especially the Lutheran Church of Germany, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, and Norway and the now pretended authority and churches of England and Scotland and the branches of same now established in Ireland, and on the continent of America and elsewhere, and all adherents in regard that they may be usurped and heretical, opposing the sacred Mother Church of Rome.

I now denounce and disown any allegiance as due to any heretical king, prince or State, named Protestant or Liberals, or obedience to any of their laws magistrates or officers.

I do further declare, that I will help, assist and advise all or any of his Holiness' agents, in any place where I should be, in Switzerland, Germany, Holland, Ireland or America, or in any other kingdom or territory I shall come to, and do my utmost to extirpate the heretical Protestant or Masonic doc-

Doing Business with a Business Concern

The business man is an important factor in your daily life and happiness.

He may raise wheat or cattle; he may manufacture flour or shoes; he may run a grocery or a drygoods store; he may operate a copper mine or a telephone company. He creates or distributes some commodity to be used by other people.

He is always hard at work to supply the needs of others, and in return he has his own needs supplied.

All of us are doing business with business men so constantly that we accept the benefits of this intercourse without question, as we accept the air we breathe. Most of us have little to do with government, yet we recognize the difference between business methods and government methods.

We know that it is to the interest of the business man to do something for us, while the function of the government man is to see that we do something for ourselves—that is, to control and regulate.

We pay them both, but of the two we naturally find the business man more get-at-able, more human, more democratic.

Because the telephone business has become large and extensive, it requires a high type of organization and must employ the best business methods.

The Bell System is in the business of selling its commodity—telephone service. It must meet the needs of many millions of customers, and teach them to use and appreciate the service which it has provided.

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trines, and to destroy all their pretended powers, legal or otherwise.

I do further promise and declare that, notwithstanding I *am dispensed with to assume any religion heretical for the propagation of the Mother Church's interest;* to keep secret and private all her agent's counsels from time to time, as they entrust me, and not divulge, directly or indirectly, by word, writing, or circumstance whatever, but to execute *all that should be proposed given in charge, or discovered unto me, by any Ghostly Father or any of this sacred order.*

I do further promise and declare that I will *have no opinion or will of my own or any mental reservation whatsoever, even as a corpse* but will unhesitatingly obey each and every command that I may receive from my superiors in the militia of the pope and of Jesus Christ.

That I will go to any part of the world whithersoever I may be sent, to the frozen regions of the North, to the burning sands of the desert of Africa, or the jungles of India, to the centers of civilization of Europe, or to the wild haunts of the barbarous savages of America, without murmuring or repining, and will be submissive in all things whatsoever is communicated to me.

I do further promise and declare that I will, when opportunity presents, make and *wage relentless war, secretly and openly, against all heretics, Protestants and Masons, as I am directed to do to extirpate them from the face of the whole earth.* That when the same can not be done openly, I will secretly use the poisonous cup, the strangulation cord, the steel of the poniard, or the leaden bullet, regardless of the honor, rank, dignity, or authority, of the persons, whatever be their condition in life, either public or private, as I at any time may be directed so to do, by any agent of the pope, or superior of the Brotherhood of the Holy Father of the Society of Jesus.

In confirmation of which I hereby dedicate my life, soul and all corporeal powers, and with the dagger which I now receive I will subscribe my name, written in my blood, in testimony thereof; and should I prove false or weaken in my determination, may my brethren and fellow soldiers of the militia of the pope, cut off my hands and feet, and my throat from ear to ear, my belly opened and sulphur burned therein with all the punishment that can be inflicted upon me on earth, and my soul shall be tortured by demons in eternal hell forever.

That I will in voting always vote for a Knight of Columbus in preference to a Protestant—especially a Mason, and that I will leave my party so to do; that if two Catholics are on the ticket I will satisfy myself which is the better supporter of the Mother Church and vote accordingly.

That I will not deal with or employ a Protestant, if in my power to deal with or employ a Catholic. That I will place Catholic girls in Protestant families of the heretics.

That I will provide myself with arms and ammunition, that I may be in readiness when the word is passed, or I am commanded to defend the church, either as an individual or with the militia of the pope.

All of which I, ————, do swear by the blessed Trinity and the blessed sacrament which I am now to receive, to perform and on my part to keep this my oath.

In testimony thereof, I take this most holy and blessed sacrament of

the Eucharist, and witness the same further, *with my name written with the point of this dagger, dipped in my own blood, and seal, in the face of this Holy Sacrament.*

Signature ————

THE SACRILEGIOUS ATTEMPT TO SELL SPIRITUAL BENEFITS FOR FILTHY LUCRE.

Mr. Glass, of the Evangelical Union of South America, has sent home a circular issued by the Bishop of Taubate, a city not far from Jacarehy, in the Republic of Brazil. We append an exact translation of this document, which is an eloquent witness to the character of Rome as she reveals herself when not held in check by the presence of an evangelical church and an open Bible. The ashes she sells for bread are painfully apparent, and how truly applicable to the people under her yoke are the Lord's words: "Ye have sold yourselves for naught." (Isa. 52:3. The shocking abuses that brought forth the Reformation in Europe three hundred years ago are commonly practiced by Rome in South America at the present time.

The following is a correct translation, with the same emphasis in English as is given in the original:

An Immense Spiritual Treasure. Acquired at Little Sacrifice.

Do you wish to obtain for yourself and your dear dead relatives and friends a real treasure of grace and merit in life and after death? Inscribe yourselves and your beloved dead in the very rich "Association of the Lord, the Good Jesus of Tremembe," of this Bishopric of Taubate. Behold what advantages, almost without onus, this beautiful and advantageous Association offers you.

1st.—Twenty-four masses will be celebrated, **every year in perpetuity** in the Chapel of the Diocesan Seminary of Taubate, for all members living and dead.

2d.—Every priest, supported by the funds of the Association, will be obliged to say **annually, all his life,** five masses for the members living and dead.

3d.—The students of the Seminary, who are aided by the Association, will offer a Communion every month, and pray daily one orison on the Rosary of the Most Holy Mary on behalf of all the members.

4th.—The members will participate, in life and after death, in all the good works and merits acquired by the priests in the exercise of their ministry, for having contributed indirectly to that end.

5th.—His Excellency the Diocesan Bishop will grant each member, on the day of his admission, fifty days of indulgences and his paternal blessing.

6th.—Each parish which contributes a total sum of $3,500.00 for the above object will have the **perpetual right** to place in the Seminary, at the cost of the Association, a boy who desires to be ordained and who has the requisites referred to in the Statutes of the Association; if the amount contributed to the Association by the aforesaid parish be about $7,000, it will have the right to place two students in the Seminary, and so on in the proportion of one student for every ten contos of reis ($3,500).

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Attention is again called to our great National Patriotic Congress to be held at San Francisco next October. The importance of this federation idea and this opportunity for a grand popular demonstration and convention can hardly be over-estimated. We want to urge upon all friends of our public schools and other cherished free institutions, to call county or city conventions and arrange for delegates. Local lodges, castles and courts should take this matter up promptly and vigorously. There can be nothing lost by attending to this matter well ahead. This great forward movement calls for your loyal support.

Don't fail to send for patriotic booklet free, enclosing at the same time, five cents postage for folder and letter of particulars about the next National Convention. Address **D. J. REYNOLDS, PRES., 424 PLYMOUTH BLDG., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.** Please mention this paper.

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There are also besides these two classes of **paid up and non-paid up members**, yet two others: well deserving members and founders for wealthier persons and those more generously disposed. The well-deserving members give, upon entering, the alms of $35, and the **Founders** the entrance fee of $70, paid at the time of their inscription, or in four quarterly installments.

Who, being a Catholic, and having a little zeal for the cause of God and his neighbor, would refuse to take part in an Association, so light and easy in duties and so rich in grace and merits. Even the poor beggars can join it, for whom it will certainly not be very hard to deprive themselves of the insignificant amount of one penny every thirty days, placing thus in the hands of Him who has promised to pay **one hundred per cent**—their little monthly penny. Let all the true believers stir themselves up to do this, remembering this beautiful sentence of one of the Saints: "Whoever thinks that giving alms will diminish his fortune is mistaken; there is no better way of preserving and increasing it." Try it and you will see.—The Evangelical Christian and the Missionary Witness, Toronto, Canada, April, 1911.

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